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77th Year

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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 24 FEBRUARY 1978 • No 3,961 • 25p

Griswold and Poe—the editor as enemy

Hašek; Erik Erikson; Leon Edel's Henry James

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John Wain's lectures; Diana Trilling's essays

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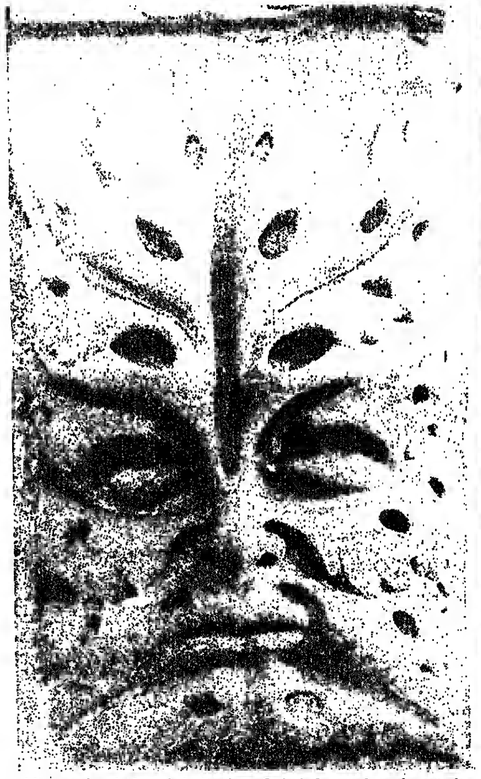

The acanthus leaf mask in Bamberg Cathedral, carved on the console beneath the statue known as "The Rider" (1237): it is "the most beautiful foliate head of the thirteenth century", according to Kathleen Basford in The Green Man (128pp. Ipswich: D. S. Brewer. £8.50). This fascinating study, illustrated by more than ninety photographs, traces the use of the foliate head from its origins in antiquity to its development as a church ornament throughout Western Europe; it was probably the most common decorative motif of mediaeval sculpture. The imagery is uncertain and ambiguous. The face or mask with leaves sprouting out of it is generally known in Britain as the Green Man, referring to the central figure of the May Day ritual; but so far from seeming images of renewal, these faces are very often sinister, grotesque and frightening. They are demons or ghosts, figures of death or of the Fall; in some the tongue, "the unruly member", lolls out; some are clearly Bacchic in origin; some have the features not of men but of animals. The mask below the Bamberg Rider has been described as reflecting the noble character of the knight but, writes Mrs Basford, it is rather "his dark counterpart. All the darkness and power and mystery of a vast forest seem concentrated in this majestic head of leaves. The Bamberg leaf mask is a Prince of Darkness."

Rescuing a reputation

By Julian Symons

JOHN CARL MILLER:
Building Poe Bibliography
269pp. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press (AUPG). £14.

The exact occasion on which Edgar Allan Poe agreed that Rufus Wilmot Griswold should edit his works remains unknown. There is a story that a letter existed from Griswold to Poe accepting the task, but this rests on unreliable evidence. Perhaps Poe spoke of the idea to Griswold, although their meetings in the last years of Poe's life were few, or perhaps he merely mentioned it to his mother-in-law and housekeeper, Mrs Clemm. At any rate, there is no doubt that the request was made in some form or other. Ten days after Poe's death, in October 1849, Mrs Clemm gave Griswold a power of attorney to collect and edit the works, and the document said that "it was the express wish and injunction of the Author before his death that Dr Rufus W. Griswold should compile and edit the same in case of their publication". Poe hoped disaster to overwhelm him often in the course of his life, but his choice of Griswold as editor was a particular irony, for by it his personal reputation was wrecked for more than half a century.

"I was not his friend nor he mine" Griswold wrote not long after Poe's death, and the statement was exactly true. Their relationship had begun cordially enough, in the spring or summer of 1841 the poet met a handsome young man in his mid-twenties, open-faced, energetic and enthusiastic. The young man was preparing a collection of American poets, and wanted to include in it some of Poe's work. He had been trained as a printer, but left his Vermont home when he was fifteen to become a literary journalist. In 1837 he was licensed as a Baptist clergyman and so was entitled to put Reverend or Doctor before his name. Griswold already had a lot of journalistic experience, mostly on sensational or shoddy papers, but his ambitions were expressed by the anthology. *The Poets and Poetry of America* was quickly followed by *The Poets and Poetry of England*, *The Prose Writers of America*, *The Female Poets of America* and other volumes. Within a few years Griswold was a literary power to be feared, the champion anthologist of his time.

The acquaintance had begun by Poe calling at Griswold's hotel, and this was followed by Poe's invitation to visit his home in Philadelphia. Griswold found the house cheaply but tastefully furnished, and Poe a quiet gentlemanly man dressed with simplicity and elegance. Nor was Poe disinclined to be friendly. In a series he wrote for a magazine, where he assessed the quality of literary men from their signatures, he described Griswold as a gentleman of fine taste and sound judgment, a poet of no ordinary power, and somebody whose "knowledge of American literature . . . is not exceeded by that of any man among us". When *The Poets and Poetry of America* appeared he reviewed it amiably enough, but his attitude changed when Griswold replaced him as literary editor of *Graham's Magazine*. Poe had left *Graham's* of his own accord, but was to be replaced by a man several years his junior who was paid more money ($1,000 a year instead of $800), evidently rankled, and from June 1842 onwards his references to Griswold in letters are contemptuous or dismissive. He told one correspondent how Griswold had suggested that Poe should write a further review of the anthology, which Griswold would pay for and then place in a magazine. "This, you see, was an ingenious insinuation of a bribe to puff his book. I accepted his offer forthwith, wrote the review, handed it to him and received from him the compensation—he never daring to look over the MS in my presence! This curious transaction actually took place. Poe praised the book, although with some qualifications. Griswold sent the review to a Boston paper with a note saying that he and Poe were not on the best of terms, and it was printed.

The transaction does no credit to either party (it should be remembered that Poe throughout his life found it difficult to make a living), and each found it hard to forgive the other. Poe told correspondents that Griswold's book was an outrageous humbug, and said that he would "make war to the knife against the New-England assumption of all the decency and all the talent" which has been so disgustingly manifested in the Rev Rufus W. Griswold's 'Poets & Poetry of America'". He referred to the book contemptuously in lectures, and either wrote or inspired a further piece in a Philadelphia paper which must be one of the most virulent articles ever written. Griswold on his side gossiped about Poe's drinking and his erratic behaviour, and no doubt his stories were flavoured with malice.

By the summer of 1843 the two men were not on speaking terms, and although their relationship was mended when Griswold was preparing another collection and wished to include some of Poe's stories, it never again became friendly. Griswold was appalled by Poe's behaviour when drunk. He wrote in what seems genuine horror to the New York publicist Horace Greeley, when he heard that Poe had proposed marriage to the New England poetess Helen Whitman: "Has Mrs Whitman as friend within your knowledge that can faithfully *explain* Poe to her?" The marriage did not come off, and certainly Poe in these last months of his life was not likely to make a successful husband to anybody, although he longed to be married. Within a few weeks of the end of the affair with Mrs Whitman he was in Richmond, in a half-demented state, seeking a kind of marriage proposal to Elmira Shelton, a widow who had been an old flame of his boyhood. "I have got the wedding ring . . . and shall have no difficulty, I think, in getting a dress-coat", he wrote to Mrs Clemm, who had been left in their cottage at Fordham, outside New York. She had no money and appealed for help to Griswold, asking him to publish an article by Poe, and continuing: "If you will do so I will promise you a favorable review of your books as they appear. You know the influence I have with Mr Poe". Griswold's reaction is not known. If he sent money it was not sufficient to get Mrs Clemm to Richmond. The suggested marriage to Mrs Shelton did not take place, and shortly afterwards Poe left for the visit to Baltimore on which he died.

The obituary notice written by Griswold in Graeley's *New York Daily Tribune* under the pseudonym of "Ludwig" is remarkable in its personally hostile tone. The opening paragraph gives the flavour:

> Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore the day before yesterday. The announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. The poet was well known personally or by reputation, in all this country; he had readers in England, and in several of the states of Continental Europe; but he had few or no friends; and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art lost one of its most brilliant, but erratic, stars.

Every opportunity was taken to denigrate Poe as a man. There was no jeer about the poverty of his appearance, and no suggestion of mental derangement:

> He walked the streets, in moodiness or melancholy, with lips moving in imaginary curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayers . . . with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms wildly beating the wind and rain, he would speak as if to spirits.

His experience of life was said to have deprived him of all faith in man or woman, yet his "shrewd and usually unmistakable character" left him unable to cope with other people. "Though he regarded society as composed of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villainy, while it continually consoled him unerringly to fall of the success of honesty." And he said Poe strangely resembled a character in Lytton's *The Caxtons*, from which he quoted a passage:

> You could not controulee him, but you raised quirk chaler; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. . . . irascible, envious — but enough, but not the worse, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold repellent cynicism while his passions vented themselves in snarls.

Griswold was too clever to leave the obituary so unbalanced. He praised Poe's conversation, "almost supernormal in its eloquence", said that the stories were "scarcely surpassed in ingenuity of construction" and that the poems were "constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art". Few things in this subtle piece of disparage could be called totally untrue. Yet its effect was to make Poe seem an eccentric minor writer and a wholly dishonest and deceitful man.

Poe's friends were indignant and wrote pieces in rebuttal, stressing his invariable courtesy, the occasions of his appearance, the exemplary care with which he carried out his journalistic work, the burden he had suffered in the long illness of his wife Virginia and his agony after her death. The most eloquent defender, Nathaniel Parker Willis, admitted, however, that after "a single *glass* of wine" Poe's manner was reversed and then, although there was no appearance of intoxication, "his will was palpably insane". But although Willis and other friends did their best, they were not generally believed against Griswold. Was it likely that the man chosen by the poet as editor would produce a deliberately unfriendly picture of him? The idea seemed absurd.

Griswold edited with remarkable speed a selection from the works. He included with it a considerably enlarged, and even more unfavourable, view of Poe. His original article, he said, had been imperfect "but, as every one who knew its subject readily perceived, very kind". He now added to it several grace-notes, some untrue like the statement that Poe had been expelled from the University of Virginia, and others based on gossip. The quotation marks were dropped from the Lytton extract, so that this was supposed as Griswold's own opinion. He also gave an account of his own relations with Poe, largely through their correspondence, and in printing these letters he went in for wholesale forgery. The effect of the phrases he added to actual letters was twofold: to show Poe's admiration for Griswold, and to reveal him as a fawning figure, always anxious to please.

One instance of Griswold's artifices will be enough. In February 1845 Poe wrote to Griswold sending pieces for consideration in an anthology. When he printed this letter Griswold added three passages, at the beginning, middle and end. The first establishes Griswold's generosity and Poe's poverty: "A thousand thanks for your kindness in the matter of those books, which I could not afford to buy, and had so much need of." The middle section added thanks to Griswold for his praise, and ends: "I can say truly that an man's approbation gives me so much pleasure", and the last (forged) phrase runs: "Why not let me anticipate the book publication of your splendid essay on Milton?" And Griswold did not confine himself to showing Poe's grovelling flattery of the man he had publicly called a dexterous quack able to force the most contemptible work into notoriety. Other letters were doctored to show Poe making unfavourable remarks about various literary figures, some of whom might have been prepared to defend him.

For twenty years after Poe's death there was no other edition of the works except that containing Griswold's memoir. As W. H. Auden has said, the publication of Poe's actual letters and the Griswold versions side by side in facsimile by Professor Quinn in 1941 leave one "panting with curiosity about Griswold, because "to take so much trouble, to blacken a reputation so subtly, presupposes a sustained hatred which is always fascinating, because the capacity for sustained emotion of any kind is rare. Yet Griswold was not so unmixed a villain. He often maintained that his editing of Poe's works was an act of pure altruism, and a publisher said long afterwards that he had never received a cent of his labours. Handsome, theatrical in manner, and omnifanal in his approach to all subjects, Griswold mercurial personality impressed many men and charmed many women. C. G. Leland and Bayard Taylor are two writers of this period who found Rufe or Gris, as he was familiarly called, invariably helpful and kind. But there is evidence to show that Griswold was a malicious man, quite apart from his behaviour to Poe, and he was also an extremely vain one.

If we ask why he hated Poe so much, the best answer would be in Poe's openly expressed contempt for him as a diligent anthologist of the insignificant, but to this would be joined the likelihood that he was in a curious way jealous of Poe. Their lives ran parallel in some ways. In 1839 Griswold applied for an editorial post on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, where Poe had first made a literary reputation, and he succeeded his at *Graham's*. He succeeded Poe in the favours of Frances Sargent Osgood, a New York poetess who wrote sentimental verses with titles as "The Dying Rose-bud", "The Lost Pet", "The Heart-Box", "Music-Box, Destroyed" had been highly praised by Poe. Mrs Osgood and Poe conducted a very literary and decorous flirtation in public (she was supposedly married while from her private husband), largely by means of verses which were exchanged in print:

> I know a noble heart that beats
> For one it loves how well!
> I only know for *whom* it beats
> But I must never tell!

—Mrs Osgood wrote. It was Poe's Isrofel who had sung "wildly well" and Poe replied in the same competition vein. The affair caused his trouble with other New York literary ladies and was broken off, but Fanny Osgood was of an incurably flirtatious disposition, and Griswold replaced Poe as her platonic lover. She sent to Griswold a valentine beginning "Poe one whose being is to mine a star", and dedicated her last volume to him. (She died a year after Poe, in 1850.) Griswold also followed Poe in quarrelling violently with another poetess, Elizabeth Ellet, and like Poe accused her of writing anonymous letters about him. He was jealous more than a year after Poe died, and his last years like Poe's were marred by disorder, troubles, scandals, and ill-health.

At the time of Griswold's death in 1857 he had the satisfaction of knowing that his view of Poe was generally accepted, although Hawthorne, George Gilfillan, a Scottish critic and anthologist of note at the time, indeed improved on Griswold when he said that Poe was a combination of fiend, brute and genius. "He was no more a gentleman than he was a saint. His heart was as rotten as his conduct was infamous. . . . He showed himself, in many instances, a spiteful, calculating, deliberate blackguard." Gilfillan stood for many others, and the voices of those who had known Poe and found him a flawed but almost noble character were heard less and less.

John Henry Ingram, the half-brother of John Carl Miller's *Building Poe Bibliography*, was more responsible than anybody else for freeing Poe's personal reputation from Griswold's misrepresentations and lies. Ingram was an eccentric English civil servant, who maintained his mother and two sisters by other employments, have been an undemanding clerkship in the Post Office, was the author of a book on Edgar Allan Poe, and was a friend of Swinburne, Rossetti, Burton, Lowell, Longfellow, Whitman and Emerson. Ingram had been fairly flooded with information from literary ladies, some personal and possibly accurate, some third or fourth-hand gossip, some unbelievable or comic. His valuation of it was made in terms of Poe's reputation, so that what was friendly tended to be included, and anything in the way of questionable behaviour left out. Mrs Whitman, Mrs Shew and Mrs Richmond were given chapters to themselves in the biography.

Lacking any sense of balance or any feeling for the shape of a biography, Ingram, for all his good intentions, produced a book that was misleading both about Poe's personality and his work. Ingram's obvious bias, his inveterate quarrelsomeness, and perhaps also the fact that he was an Englishman stepping on to American ground, brought a reaction. Poe's most influential nineteenth-century biographers, Richard Henry Stoddard and George Edward Woodberry, were both Americans. They were temperamentally unsympathetic to Poe, and while they used many of Ingram's discoveries accepted few of his arguments. They emerged, almost, as unreformed Griswoldians. Professor Miller's statement that Ingram "proved" Griswold a liar and a forger, and destroyed belief in him for ever, cannot be justified. Ingram based himself on what he had been told by Mrs Whitman, and this was not accepted as proof by other writers. Woodberry, writing in 1885, expressed his belief that "all the documents published by Griswold are genuine and ungarbled", and full exposure of his forgeries did not come until much later.

Ingram's whole collection was sold to the University of Virginia a few years after his death. Professor Miller, who has worked with the collection for a long time, and produced a catalogue of it in 1960, now offers us the first of four volumes which will give full details of all the most important material. This volume includes letters from and relating to Maria Clemm, Mrs Shew, Annie Richmond, and Poe's Library in 1876, . . . It was Ingram who was able to discover that Poe had written "The Journal of Julius Rodman". In the memoir he refused to discuss Poe's letters to Griswold because "there is pretty positive proof that some, if not the whole of them, *are fabrications*".

But although Ingram was marvellously pertinacious, he was also disastrously partial. As Professor Miller says, he was "emotionally involved with his subject, to the point that he would deliberately suppress testimonies" if they showed Poe in a poor light. He denied Poe's unquestionable tendency to plagiarism, and would go so far in defence of the drink question as to admit the effect of "sorrow and pecuniary embarrassments" in "driving [Poe] to the use of stimulants" towards the end of his life. Above, and worse, Ingram had been fairly flooded with information from literary ladies, some personal and possibly accurate, some third or fourth-hand gossip, some unbelievable or comic. His valuation of it was made in terms of Poe's reputation, so that what was friendly tended to be included, and anything in the way of questionable behaviour left out. Mrs Whitman, Mrs Shew and Mrs Richmond were given chapters to themselves in the biography.

Lacking any sense of balance or any feeling for the shape of a biography, Ingram, for all his good intentions, produced a book that was misleading both about Poe's personality and his work. Ingram's obvious bias, his inveterate quarrelsomeness, and perhaps also the fact that he was an Englishman stepping on to American ground, brought a reaction. Poe's most influential nineteenth-century biographers, Richard Henry Stoddard and George Edward Woodberry, were both Americans. They were temperamentally unsympathetic to Poe, and while they used many of Ingram's discoveries accepted few of his arguments. They emerged, almost, as unreformed Griswoldians. Professor Miller's statement that Ingram "proved" Griswold a liar and a forger, and destroyed belief in him for ever, cannot be justified. Ingram based himself on what he had been told by Mrs Whitman, and this was not accepted as proof by other writers. Woodberry, writing in 1885, expressed his belief that "all the documents published by Griswold are genuine and ungarbled", and full exposure of his forgeries did not come until much later.

The merits of his work, in the context of what was known about Poe's life at that time, were great. As Professor Miller says: "If was he who first openly called Griswold a liar and a forger. . . . It was he who, as late as 1874, settled once and for all the true date of Poe's birth. It was Ingram who discovered the first known volume of *Tamerlane*, in the British Museum Library in 1876, . . . It was Ingram who was able to discover that Poe had written 'The Journal of Julius Rodman'." In the memoir he refused to discuss Poe's letters to Griswold because "there is pretty positive proof that some, if not the whole of them, *are fabrications*".

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Snails

Slow things in the garden—a tortoise; snails . . .
Why do I learn so slowly? What I noticed
This morning on a terracotta bowl,
A brown horned adhesive muscle with its curled shell
Advancing, in this walled Venetian garden
With its leafy creepers, rose-bed, and palm-tree,
Green and apart from the colours and feel
Of so long weathered and breathed-over buildings,
Of walking the pile-driven streets.

Now sitting out, drinking, in the warm night,
Tumbler set in the gravel, mind relaxed,
Wine and the air I should enjoy, and wait
By the end of the bottle, watching falls:
My brain slipping, slothful . . . between two spells
Spent we will go home, our holiday over . . .
Accidie not agony—is that me?
A sleeper in the garden, overwhelmed?

Revolving, reaching down, just one more mouthful . . .
Those snails now—is it possible to hear them,
Chewing leaves or trekking across the gravel?
And I find, unfuddled, that through the dark
The funny drink has drawn them, five or six,
To spread their glittering trails inside the glass,
Wallowing in the last half inch of wine.
Things do come to me—stupidly . . . but they come.

Christopher Salvesen

The hack as husband

By Adrian Poole

MICHAEL COLLIE:
George Gissing
A Biography
189pp. Folkestone: Wm Dawson. £7.

Poor Gissing? On the whole—so, argues Michael Collie. And not just because Gissing pushed through with an at times horrifying ruthlessness his determination to be an independent and successful writer and European man of letters. But also because if there was a price to pay, it is perhaps Helen Harrison and Edith Underwood for whom we should feel sorry, the two women who each discovered too late that they had married a monstrous egoist, with a near-pathological obsession with his own needs, his own work, his own health, to the total exclusion of their independent existence. It is Gissing's story we know, but who has told theirs? Or rather, Collie suggests, can we know Gissing's story without at least trying to consider theirs?

Collie has put a good deal of thought and research into the private life of this secretive and intractable man. Are we sure that the Helen Harrison he married was the same girl with whom he was disastrously involved at Owens College, Manchester? Collie shows that some of the evidence on which apparently reliable versions of Gissing's life have been based is in fact inconclusive. Gissing may well have been more genuinely and simply in love with Helen than has been supposed. More startling, Edith Underwood may have been as young as fourteen (the marriage certificate says twenty-three) when he married her in 1891, and took her off to Exeter to educate her into his notion of coexistence, which meant running the kitchen and him in his attic-study. What Collie does, and does well, is to give a convincing and humane version of the conditions which made life hell for three people. In dwelling on the two marriages to the relative exclusion of Gissing's connections with the external, public world, Collie brings out the least and least likeable sides of Gissing's personality: above all, his inability to accept responsibility for the foot that he might be wrecking other people's lives as well as they his.

Collie's disentanglement of the fictions that obscure our vision of Gissing prompts some comparison with Robert Gittings's work on that other extraordinarily secretive late-Victorian novelist, Thomas Hardy. The comparison between Hardy and Gissing themselves, however, is pretty damaging to the latter. If Gissing did not undertake the systematic revision of his life that Hardy did, he seems also to have been fairly impervious to the complex feelings of remorse and longing which Hardy wove into much of his work, not only into the poems after Emma Lavinia's death, Gissing, in Collie's version, emerges as so obstinate as never even to have felt the possibility of guilt.

This account of Gissing's life should certainly command attention. If not agreement. Its weaknesses become obvious when Collie gets near the novels themselves, it is a quite unacceptable proposition which he proposes between others", more or less "autobiographical" reading of the novels, and his own approach to them as deliberate strivings towards "naturalism" and then "psychological realism". The chilling, massive determinism which appals Collie in the personal life becomes the dominant characteristic of the writing: "he was clinically detached and as such a perceptive, if somewhat cold and remorseless critic of contemporary life".

Collie cites (twice, but unfortunately with different dates) an important, unpublished letter in which Gissing disavows his allegiance to Englishmen in favour of French and Russian models; but as several people have noted, Gissing's relation to various kinds of realism is very complicated and in this area Collie supports signally innocent.

Of Gissing's life in and writings about London, he says: "Gissing was totally detached and insulated". This seems to me a disastrous undervaluing of the other side of Gissing, the side which remained open and vulnerable to the world outside. Collie argues that Gissing succeeded in keeping the world at bay, apart from a few disastrous lapses. I believe that he fought hard to deny the reality of the outside world and of other people but that what makes his writing valuable and vital is that he failed.

As far as the facts of Gissing's life are concerned, Jacob Korg's biography and Pierre Coustillas's annotated work remain indispensable. But Collie has done a good job in questioning some of these facts and his book should be read, not as a reliable introduction to Gissing, but as an emphatic, challenging, one-sided interpretation of Gissing's personality. It is ironically appropriate to the spirit of Gissing that the best parts of Collie's book should be animated by a spirited and sensitive outrage at the subdued horror of its subject.

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The fraternity to come

By Michael Holroyd

GEORGE HENDRICK:
Henry Salt
Humanitarian Reformer and Man of Letters
228pp. University of Illinois Press. £7.

When Henry Salt died on April 30, 1939, at the age of eighty-seven, an obituary in *The Daily Telegraph* described him as "one of the greatest characters of his time". He had been a prolific writer in prose and verse; a socialist, Shelleyan and De Quinceyite; and a resourceful campaigner against flesh-eating, bloodsports, corporal punishment, the death penalty, vivisection and the commercial vulgarization of the countryside. Yet he was little known by the public he sought to educate and his life provides as good an example as anyone could want of the political futility of literary propaganda.

Though not wholly orthodox, Salt's beginnings were socially respectable and gave little sign of what was to come. He had been born in India, the son of a colonel of artillery. At the age of one he was brought back to England and passed a cosseted childhood in Shrewsbury with his mother. Colonel Salt remained on duty in India and there were few reunions between him and his wife. Their son grew up disliking his father who, he believed, had ill-treated his mother.

To be sent to Eton was a matter of course with the Salt family. Henry Salt's time there as a King's Scholar was the happiest period of his life, for he found what until then he had lacked: a sense of family among friends of his own choosing. But he was critical of an education system that venerated athletics above everything intellectual and gave no encouragement to the gaining of knowledge. In one of his essays he later attacked the spirit picked up from the school's poet laureate, making his criticism in specific socialist terms: "Not I think, till rich men become less rich, will rich men's sons become less idle. Till then the lordship of brawn over brain will continue at Eton . . . and boys will still feel that 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise'".

From Eton, Salt moved inevitably to King's College, Cambridge, but the "ancient pettiness" of the place displeased him: tedious lectures, trying sermons and the cultivation of academic learning which would strengthen the intellect only, and not the soul, feed the heart [and] is in the main but barren and unprofitable, a culture of the *liberae inhumanitates*". By submitting to this course of dry cramming he won a first class in the Classical Tripos of 1875 and, at the age of twenty-four, was invited back to Eton as an assistant master. His prospects were excellent. But as a master he enjoyed the school far less. "New ideas were under a ban at Eton," he wrote,

> notwithstanding the specious invitations given to some distinguished men to lecture before the school. Gladstone, Arnold, Ruskin, Morris and Lowell were among those who addressed the boys in the School Library; and it was instructive to note the reception which they severally obtained. Lowell was the most popular; his cheery contention that this world of ours is, after all, "not a bad world to live in", being delightedly received by an audience which had good personal reasons for concurring in such a sentiment. William Morris, on the other hand, having ventured on the then dangerous ground of Socialism, was hissed. Gladstone discreetly kept to the unimpeachable subject of Homer; and Matthew Arnold's staid appearance, with his mutton-chop whiskers and mechanical bowing of the head in accord with the slow rhythm of his sentences, was sufficient to lull to sleep any insidious doubts of his respectability. As a speaker, Ruskin was by far superior to the rest; his lucid train of thought and clear, musical voice could hold enchanted an audience, never even of Eton boys, for the full space of an hour.

Salt himself was particularly enchanted by Ruskin, whose opinions — especially his poor opinion of Tennyson—"supped the faith of an Eton master", he wrote. His re-enchantment had begun. From thousands of hours in chapel he emerged an unswerving rationalist; while the company of his colleagues led him on a conviction that Eton masters "were but cannibals in cap and gown". He reacted too against what he saw as the Etonian creed of Respectability, and joined the more active social reformers of his day, including Bernard Shaw and the Reverend J. L. Joynes, another Eton master, who wore long curls down his back and wrote spirited transliterations of the revolutionary poems of Freiligrath.

In 1879 Salt married Joynes's sister Kate, a dark, raven-haired girl "with large eyes and sensitive, somewhat sad, Dante-like profile". But the marriage was never consummated, for Kate Salt was lesbian. In a letter to Edward Carpenter, whose gospel of potato-digging was to become a feature of the Salts' creed of Simplification, Kate wrote:

> We two poor things dwelling here together like friendly strangers—no touch possible (oh! the pity of it!) and no understanding. But 20 years being deep sleep chalky that could never be cut through, and I'm really thankful and content. . . . It is something not to have added a deeper wrong to the first deep wrong that I did him. But it is dreadful to feel that one has never brought Peace to anyone.

She was often to fall in love with women, but it was not until after twenty years of marriage that she understood the pain she had inflicted on her husband. She had gone with her lover to Windermere where they were joined by Henry.

> Mary went across the road to sleep as there was not room for all, [and] I had the most awful moment of *awakening* that I've ever known in my life. I had never realized before *what* I had done in letting myself get married. At the same time, such profound *Pity* took hold of me, seeing as for the first time what I had done to *him* by marrying him, that I believe he was safe from that moment—I mean I could never have thought again of deserting him—poor lonely thing.

Salt had remained at Eton nine years before his conversion was complete and he fell from Respectability. His brother-in-law J. L. Joynes had also resigned following what was considered a disgraceful escapade in Ireland with the notorious American economist Henry George. Lecturing in favour of land nationalization, he was arrested and obliged to plead his Eton credentials to gain an apologetic release from prison. But when he subsequently announced the publication of a book, *The Adventures of a Tourist in Ireland*, the headmaster, Dr Warre, gave him the choice of his mastership or the book. Joynes published and was damned. Warre attributed Salt's resignation two years later to the dizzying effects of vegetarianism. But on learning that, like Joynes, Salt was a socialist, he cried out: "Socialism! Then blow us up, blow up up. There's nothing left for it but that!" He was unprepared for Salt's main assault, which centred on the Eton Beagles.

Having found Eton to be unethical, the Salts put on their sandals and ascended to the moral superiority of the country: in short, Surrey. Salt had calculated that they could live the simple semi-servantless life on his pension and from his pen. In 1891 he became one of the founders of the Humanitarian League and for almost twenty-five years he edited its journals. "No one else", he explained, "has the time or inclination to do the *continuous* secretarial and organizing work which is quite indispensable to the society's existence."

Pencil drawing of John and Shaw, 1910, by John Butler Yeats, father of W. B. and of the painter Jack Yeats: from Robert Gogarty, John Butler Yeats and John Quinn: the Records of a Friendship, 1.Page. Dublin: Dolmen Press. New Yeats Papers XII, Page 1 1.500. J. B. Yeats went to New York in 1907, ostensibly a short visit, and in the event stayed there until his death in 1922: he wrote to his son William: "leave New York" is to leave a fair orbicee at any minute I may meet with some huge bit of ice. He first met the American poet John Sloan, then in his late 40s, at the Vagabonds Club, which for fifty cent meals to its members. Later Sloan was a frequent visitor to the boarding-house, Petty West 25th Street, where for years the old man lived and held court. George Moore said he was the best conversationalist he had ever met. Yeats introduced Sloan to the rich lawyer and collector John Quinn, and he championed Sloan as an artist. When he died Sloan wrote to Yeats's family: "I assure you my own father's death was in no great a loss to me."

The aims of the League were many and Salt embodied them all. He led the campaigns for legislative action against the cruellest blood sports, for the reform of the slaughterhouses and for the introduction of new laws to protect wild animals and birds exploited by the fur and feather trade. He also worked for an end to capital and corporal punishment, an extension of the principle of international arbitration and the gradual (Salt had once been a Fabian) reduction of armaments.

Though Shaw described Salt as a born revolutionist, he was not naturally a combative man. He believed in what he called the Creed of Kinship, which he defined as "a belief that in years to come there will be a recognition of the brotherhood between man and man, nation and nation, human and subhuman, which will transform a state of semi-surgery, as we have it, into one of civilization, when there will be no such barbarity as warfare, or the robbery of the poor by the rich, or the lifeusage of the lower animals by mankind".

He had an engaging style and often wrote with humour. His best books are those in which he treats writers who shared his humanitarian ophilism and countryman's tastes: Shelley and Thoreau; and to some extent Richard Jefferies and De Quincey. Besides biographies and critical studies, he published *Jeux d'esprit* in verse for Cambridge he had won Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek epigram), translations of Virgil and Lucretius, books of natural history and several volumes of autobiography. Only with one book, the charming, *Seventy Years Among Savages*, did he come close to scoring a literary and popular success.

Salt attributed his lack of success to the literary establishment's distaste for his humanitarian work. But he was only secondarily a literary man and only philosophically political (he withdrew from the Fabian Society at the time of the Boer War and behaved more naturally in the Fellowship of the New Life). On any reckoning he was far more the born revolutionary than a born revolutionary, and his scholarship belonged to the fields. "In summer I am working all day at my profession", he wrote to Shaw, "which is looking for, and at, wildflowers."

This was admirable: but is there a book here? There have been two about Salt since his death. The first, *Salt and his Circle* (1951), was written by Stephen Winsten and boasted a preface by Shaw that had been cobbled together from Shaw's letters to Winsten. George Hendrick, author of the present study, accuses Winsten of being "anecdotal" and of filling his book with "reconstructed conversations which were often more fictional than historical". This is true. Worse still, Winsten's biography, though unreliable, is of value. It infuriates because it cannot be discounted.

Winsten is a curious literary bird. He was once likened by Brian Inglis to "a man who comes out one morning to find a meteorite in his back garden, and who turns out to be good an organizing coach trips for the public to see it". The meteorite was his neighbour at Ayot St Lawrence, Bernard Shaw, about whom he produced an anthology, a symposium and three biographical studies illustrated with some devastating portraits by his wife (who gave a similar lego-up to Gandhi and W. H. Auden). It was in these latter works that Winsten, on his way to becoming what his publishers called Shaw's Boswell, perfected the device of reconstructed conversations.

Shaw enjoyed Winsten's writing, in particular its inventiveness and freedom from scholarly pretensions; and it was he who, by sending a letter of introduction to the second Mrs Salt, helped Winsten to produce his book. In this note he recommends Winsten as "not a biographer who is inaccurate as to facts, wrong in his judgments, self-complacent and without humour: but a vegetarian and pacifist. He was also, Shaw added, well-intentioned.

Sir is Professor Hendrick. It is the only positive quality they share. The aim of this new study has been to complement Winsten's book by going "beyond basic biographical facts" to concentrate on Salt's "intellectual development". The professor from Illinois approaches his task like someone landing on the moon. He has his scholarly instruments, not his eyes, for seeing things. He fathers as the apparition of G.B.S., checks with his special assistant John F. Ponting, collates his minutiae, utters a truism. He weighs the probable sources of one of Winsten's statements and comes to no conclusion—why did he not write to ask him? The answer seems to be that he is not certain whether the world he has landed on is still inhabited. It is a remote place. People there were never told anything, they had "first-hand evidence for believing it". Continuations of statements are more vital than the statements themselves. The information is processed, carefully set out and (since this is a subsidized expedition) dispatched back to mission control—in this case the Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois which owns the copyright.

The book does help us to register what Salt thought, but never what he felt. This is not Professor Hendrick's fault. As he explains, Salt "deliberately suppressed his own inner life". The autobiographical books "are vague about Salt the man", and so is the correspondence. But Kate Salt was not vague. She was an intensely emotional woman.

Of the two men for whom she felt some love, Edward Carpenter and Shaw, one was homosexual and the other, in his vocation as platonic philanderer, asexual. Shaw's relationship with her, as with Annie Besant, was largely a matter of careering piano duets. But it was to Carpenter, whose scriptural literature was immensely influential, that she wrote her most revealing letters. After her death Salt and Carpenter destroyed letters—all except one. Worse still, the professor discards two painful to quote". He makes up for this by quoting painful passage twice. Kate Salt died almost sixty years since she had no children. Her letters lie in a cupboard, one can only marvel at the delicacy of his conscience. I confidently assure himself that dead have been thoroughly secured: only the book has suffered.

But Salt is a difficult subject anyone. Shaw, who was among his most intimate valued friends, never put the plan, believing that he could dramatized. Salt's ideas were original. What was unique him was the way in which he lated certain ideas into a life. "My baseline", Shaw wrote, "has been writing plays, sermons preaching. Salt practised." The biography the man cannot, without be separated from his philosophy the material for recreating it does and appear in exist.

Professor Hendrick's project been an unlikely one: but it have been better accomplished an anthology of Salt's writings taken from the wide variety of books, his contributions to journals of the Humanitarian League, and his letters. Hendrick could be better qualified than Professor Hendrick to edit such a volume. In a sense he has begun it. "Salt", he writes in introduction, "will be added to a weekly column for himself." The 428 pages of his book at least have been written by the editor; the rest are taken up by long quotes and a couple of appendices that, by making available some sub-Shavian essays, restore balance in this respect at least, the world is guilty of omission.

Professor Hendrick is on the fact that Shaw denied that his is accurate and his judgments sensible if unexceptionable. Shaw the evidence of this book, a lifelong active literary figure. He is at home with the dictionary and the directory, and has got a classroom primer rather than a work of literary criticism. He in sub-headings, but lacks Whenever life and literature he is flung into a conflict electrical questions; and the gas of Kate Salt's conscience. *You Never Can Tell* is a example of the culture of *literae inhumanitates* against Salt objected.

But none of this is to say Professor Hendrick's knowledge and respect for Salt's work, the very warmth of his admiration, this seems to have persuaded to attempt something not quite his line—just as Salt was led to try out dramatic works, confession and imprisonment, and to criticize his own talent: and it is in his book Professor Hendrick will get exercise his editorial skill give us *The Best of Salt*.

The Good Writer Hašek

By D. J. Enright

CECIL PARROTT:
The Bad Bohemian
The Life of Jaroslav Hašek
Creator of The Good Soldiet Svejk
265pp. Bodley Head. £10.

As with other real writers, what matters about the Czech novelist Jaroslav Hašek is what he wrote. In the reader will put behind him the presumptuous, rude and sometimes lecherish desire to "understand" the man, then he can enjoy Cecil Parrott's life of Hašek as a comic, informative and thus worthy supplement to that great work of art, *The Good Soldiet Svejk*—an excellent unabridged translation of which Sir Cecil published in 1973.

The biography starts with one paradox and ends with another, both of them highly respectable instances of the ironic spirit. While the combination of irony, entertainment and politics tempts one in a comparison with Brecht, the dissimilarities between the two are at least as striking as the similarities: Hašek was genuinely a philistine where Brecht only pretended to be, and while Brecht had the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm to work in, it would seem that Hašek had an army latrine.

Cecil Parrott begins with one of life's little comedies: Hašek is now a "hero of Communism", and *Svejk* has even been published by Our Army, the military publishers. As he suggests, it was very probably Hašek's lack of sustained zeal in politics that saved him for the communist canon. He was a lower-case anarchist, and when he died in Lipnice in 1923, worn out by anarchism and possibly cirrhosis of the liver, the priest would only bury him against the cemetery wall, together with the suicides and the unbaptized, though in fact Hašek was formally a Catholic. A climb of his enemies from the Czech Legion rendered Beethoven's "Angel of Love", hardly the most congenial accompaniment, and later the grave was marked by a stone representing an open book with the inscription, "Austria never went thou so ripe to fall, never went thou so damned"—an epitaph for an erstwhile Czech patriot, no doubt, but with an old ring about it nowadays. A more fitting epitaph would have been an adaptation of Svejk's words: "There are lots of things in the world which are not allowed to be done: the main thing is that everybody should try to do them".

There are hundreds of anecdotes about Hašek which, Sir Cecil says, are probably "more *bon trovato* than true", but the book would have been dull if they were all omitted—indeed, it would have been remarkably short—and so Sir Cecil has sensibly included a good many of them. He also includes extracts from Hašek's "autobiography" of 1921, intended to hoist his critics with their own petard, which set the tone admirably:

> When I was a year old there was not a single cat in Prague whose eyes I had not gouged out or whose tail I had not docked. When I went for a walk with my governess, all the dogs gave me a wide berth. My governess did not go on taking me out for long, because when I was eighteen months old, I took her to the barracks, at Charles Square, and bartered her away to the soldiers for two packets of tobacco. She never survived the shame and threw herself under a passenger train. . . . As a result the train was derailed with eighteen killed and twelve seriously injured. . .

To this Sir Cecil adds, summarily and fairly, that the two main occupations of his subject's life were "writing and vagrancy".

His brother told a typical story of Hašek's vagrancy, tramping penniless about Slovakia in 1903, at the age of twenty. In each village he would approach the Catholic priest for hospitality, roundly remarking that the Protestant vicar had turned him away. The next day he would apply to the Protestant vicar, mentioning that the Catholic priest had refused him. This simple ruse worked well—though at police headquarters in Prague there was already a thick file on Hašek.

His writing had a vagrant air about it, too. His idea of political journalism was to carry on polemics between the papers of two hostile political parties by contributing anonymously to both. When in 1910, exactly like the character Marek in *Svejk*, he became editor of an informative family magazine, *Animal Hurdle*, he soon returned to his third main occupation, boxing—even though he needed the job for the sake of his marriage. Instead of writing articles on the disease of roup in poultry, he fabricated a report of herds of wild Scottish collies terrorizing the population of Patagonia, and advertised a pair of "thoroughbred werewolves" for sale—the office was swamped with would-be customers.

A little later Hašek launched one of his best hoaxes: he founded a new political party called "the Party of Moderate Progress within the Bounds of the Law" and offered himself as his candidate in the imperial parliamentary elections. Originally the purpose of this was to boost the business of a café-bar situated at a Prague crossroads, where the three other candidates served their traditional parties. For Hašek its purpose was to cast ridicule on all the existing political parties. In his electioneering speeches he demanded that animals should be rehabilitated, in particular they should no longer be maligned by having their names applied to human beings. "When a heckler shouted at the candidate of another party, 'Shut up, you ox', it was important to realize that an ox weighing 700 kilos was much more valuable than a candidate weighing about eighty. For the ox you got 400 guilders, whereas for the other you'd be lucky to get even a guilder." This reminds us of a comment in *Svejk* to the effect that an ox is better off than a soldier since they do not drag it to the drill ground and force rifle practice on it before slaughtering it. Another item in the "party's" platform was the abolition of the entrance fee on public lavatories on the ground that it forced needy citizens to use public places . . . and he fined by the police for doing so, also very Svejkian in spirit.

After long opposition on his family, part Hašek married Jarmila Mayerova in 1910. The marriage broke up two years later when, during a visit from his in-laws, Hašek offered to go out to buy some beer and never returned. In dread he set up as a cabaret artist. Then in early 1915 he was called up for the Austrian army. His subsequent experiences bear a close resemblance to those described in *Svejk*: Hašek's army life carried the entry, "a swindler and deserter". In September he was captured by the Russians on the Galician front. Having said goodbye to the Austrians, he now joined the (Russian) Czech Legion, a preferable alternative to the prison camps. He became a recruiting commissioner in Kiev and apparently a sincere exponent of Czech nationalism, anti-Austro-Hungarian and pro-Tsarist.

After the October Revolution of 1917 Hašek threw in his lot with the Bolsheviks and was proclaimed a traitor by the Czech Legion. In the following year he was sent to the little town of Bugulma, to the east of the Volga, where he rose to be Deputy Commandant. He laboured conscientiously, gave up drink, behaved like a responsible revolutionary, and took a Russian wife, Shura, though without telling her he was already married. He also wrote the "Bugulma stories", sketches making game of the Soviet authorities, which were published after he had left the country.

Towards the end of 1920 Hašek returned with Shura to Czechoslovakia, where the revolution had failed to happen, and where he was a deserter, a "Red Commissar" and a bigamist. He also returned to drink and his bohemian ways, and to work on the final (though unfinished) *Svejk*. In the little time left to him he did his best to live down his sober and Soviet past.

Perhaps understandably, considering the time he must have spent in the company of Hašek and Svejk, Sir Cecil is more than a little disapproving of his subject. "Among all the talents and even the few virtues with which he was endowed, one essential quality was conspicuously lacking—a sense of responsibility." Hašek sponged on friends shamelessly; there was a "perverse and tasteless strain" to him; he was indifferent to culture, art or scholarship; his taste for literary humour and practical jokes "suggests that he stayed fixed in the pre-pubertal stage"; he was ("a psychiatrist would say") a classic example of "a creative psychopath" (what's that?), and (a rather good description) "a kind of black Peter Pan".

If Sir Cecil's "explanation" of Hašek's behaviour is rather lame, this is to be preferred to impertinent and extravagant speculation, whether *à la* creative novelist or in the style of what "a psychiatrist would say". Hašek was left fatherless at the age of thirteen, which, we are told, "more than anything else, was to leave its total mark on his development"; and the "unyielding stance" of Jarmila's father, an honest self-made bourgeois, rounds Hašek's desire to become his son-in-law "certainly helped to drive Hašek deeper and deeper into his bohemian way of life". While no doubt there is something in it, this is hardly more convincing than the idea of "Why the Leopard got his Spots". Jarmila, who certainly suffered from it, was nearer the mark in regarding Hašek's irresponsibility as the inevitable price to be paid for originality.

None the less, his able and forgiving biographer concludes with the decent wish that "the man who wrote books have given such pleasure to millions could have had his share of happiness too". It is good to be happy, but even better to have written *The Good Soldier Svejk*. Considering the times he lived in and his customary contempt for any form of authority, it might seem that Hašek was lucky to have died a natural death in his thirty-ninth year.

Postmarked Ravenna

LESLIE A. MARCHAND (Editor):
"Between Two Worlds"
Byron's Letters and Journals
Volume 7
282pp. John Murray. £6.50.

The appearance of the seventh volume of Byron's letters is an occasion for congratulation rather than criticism. The editor has done his work impeccably and been well supported by the publisher and printer. The volume contains all the letters and fragments of letters written by Byron in 1820 that have survived. For most of that year he was living in rooms at the Palazzo Guiccioli at Ravenna while getting as *cavaliere servente* to the Countess Teresa Guiccioli, from whose at first complaisant husband he had rented them.

By June the situation had completely altered—the Pope had granted Teresa a separation from her husband (now hostile to Byron), but ordered her to live with her parents. Byron, although friendly with her family, found the situation difficult, but his letters and occasional visits to her continued, and throughout the year he kept up his correspondence with his British friends. There are letters in all moods: to Teresa, from "you can always be certain of my most sincere, most passionate love", to "think of a good excuse at once and send me the most probable lie you can invent"; to Moore, from "if that damned fellow were to write my life I would certainly take his", to "Murray has almost insinuated that my last productions are *dull*! Dull, sir!—damme, dull! I believe he is jealous. But whatever else his letters are, they are never dull.

J. S. Atherton

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Thames and Hudson

The Master without the fat

By J. I. M. Stewart

LEON EDEL :
The Life of Henry James
Vol 1: 1843-1889.
Vol 2: 1890-1916.
867 and 837pp. Penguin. £5 each.

CHARLES R. ANDERSON :
Person, Place, and Thing in Henry James's Novels
308pp. Durham, North Carolina : Duke University Press. $12.75.

Here in Penguin form, Leon Edel tells us, is his biography of Henry James in an edition which is at once "definitive" and designed "for readers who want a continuous and uninterrupted story". The second of these claims means chiefly that we are now unable to waste time looking at illustrations or consulting notes and references. The first is more important, and is validated by the fact that Professor Edel has undertaken a substantial revision of the entire text.

The biography originally appeared in five volumes, the publication of which was spread over nearly 20 years. As a consequence of this, Professor Edel feels, the narrative incorporated many redundancies inseparable from "the machinery of multi-volume structure". It was marred, too, by "verbal fat", "early pruriticies", and "passages that time had rendered absolete". He has now made a very faithful job of getting to grips with all this.

There has been, however, an question of radical abridgment, or even of cutting what manuals of rhetoric used to call epexegetic detail. James's copious correspondent Elizabeth Jessie Jane Allen ("Goody Two Shoes") as she writes still sits in a low chair with a small table at her side and as each letter is ready for the post drops it on the floor to be mailed by one of her maids. This has been a wise conservatism; it displays the biographer resisting the admonishments of those impatient reviewers who complained that he gives us too much and readers more happily at leisure have seldom, I believe, found themselves resenting the abundant flow of information. James himself, after all, went out and on, writing letters by the thousand, many of which he justly characterized as little more than "twaddle of graciousness". Yet this mass of material (in addition, it seems, to frequently affording a comfortable seat for Professor Edel's favourite cat) seldom wholly lets the explorer down. James's responses to trivial events and minor contacts often contrive to carry deep into the character of the man.

Professor Edel's excisions will be found to be chiefly of redundant words and phrases ("fat") and of conceptualizing asides unnecessary now that the entire biography can —notionally at least—be absorbed at a sitting. The alterations fall under various heads which it would take much space to categorize. And the writer here offers us no detailed account of his method, saying simply that he has "treated the whole text as if it were a newly-written manuscript" comprehensively "susceptible of improvement".

The labour of all this recension —as much in the spirit of the Master — must have been very great, although it is modestly played down in the brief introduction to the new edition. Thus the first section of *The Conquest of London*, covering in its original form seven pages of text, shows over twenty changes. *Henry* twice becomes *James*, a change frequently made (even half a dozen times on a page) throughout the whole work when a public and literary rather than a domestic context is in question; *after his adult journey to the Europe of his boyhood* becomes *after his journey* since we know the journey's whither and when already; *For a young cosmopolitan* and the writer can thus excise *and who had spent childhood years in London, Paris and Geneva*. Phrases like *The novelist was to say in later years that* and *Why, he was to ask himself, long afterwards* and *a decade and a half later* are omitted or abbreviated; *so queer a taste in his mouth* becomes *simply so queer a taste*, presumably because it is only in mouths that taste happens. *This was the repeated refrain of Henry's dreary Cambridge days* becomes *This was his repeated refrain*, and a succeeding ten-line paragraph similarly labouring the theme of discontent is omitted. In its first form the section concludes:

> To a reader who wrote to him inquiring about the particular Boston house in which he had sketched the rooms of Miss Birdseye in *The Bostonians*, James gave a general answer and added "I can smell it still".

We now have:

> To a reader many years later who inquired about the particular Boston house in which he had sketched the rooms of Miss Birdseye in *The Bostonians*, James answered he was thinking of a sweet name the old Worcester station, "and I smell the house, inside, even yet".

The gain in vividness here would seem to come from fresh recourse to a documentary source, but may represent a first sight of a letter previously only reported upon by an informant.

As with these seven pages so with some 2,000 others. Such devotion to the perfecting in detail of a long work is extremely impressive. The labour becomes, perhaps, rather less arduous in the later volumes; and this we might expect. I gain the impression, too, that Professor Edel has found less polishing to do when it is the literary critic rather than the biographer who is at work. Thus in that section of *The Master* in which he takes issue with the doctrine (promulgated by James himself) that in *The Ambassadors* the story remains wholly in the "point of view" of Strether it is only a phrase or two that has been changed — always on stylistic grounds.

It is easy to assess—by spot checks, as it were—the extent of all this care for the minutiae of the work. But what of any alterations or augmentations to the larger design, whether the result of further thought or of fresh discovery? Professor Edel tells us only that he has "incorporated such new material as was relevant—and revelatory", and leaves it at that. So anybody coming to this definitive edition primarily seeking to hear some new thing has what may be called a long vacation's enlisting in front of him. I can report only that we now know about a number of books that James borrowed at various times from the Harvard College Library. A doctoral thesis by somebody will no doubt result from this discovery. Yet the writer of it must have a care. As Professor Levin points out, it may have been other members of the James family who wanted to read Michelet, Charles Brockden Brown, Colloni and Voltaire.

Charles R. Anderson presents what he terms a thesis, although he is certainly too senior a scholar to be pursuing a degree with it. Accepting as "a commonplace of Jamesian criticism" the view that James's characters "exist only in their relations with each other", he goes on to maintain that they arrive at any relations at all only indirectly: "It is not until one character understands some associated object which he assumes is symbolic of another character that he comes to understand him." Strether in *The Ambassadors* is the grand exemplar of James's method (or James's conception of our situation?) here:

> My purpose is to show that his characters arrive at relations only indirectly through the places and things that symbolize what they are and hence reveal their true meanings in each other. . . Lambert Strether has practically no relations with any of the other characters in *The Ambassadors* in a direct way, but the normal sense of relations in human society.

Strether, we are told, does eventually "understand" the other principal characters, but it is only by coming "to realize the meanings of the places and things associated with them".

Apart from the obvious fact that we draw inferences about an individual from the places he frequents and the things with which he surrounds himself, I find this a somewhat elusive conception. So, indeed, does Professor Anderson appear to do, since most of his space is given over to an exposition and discussion of six of the novels in the course of which the argument frequently ceases to be held in any sharp focus. Thus a long chapter on *Roderick Hudson* is more or less confessed to draw a blank thesis-wise; for the sufficient reason that James in this early work has scarcely glimpsed the grand principle on which he is later to proceed. So it is fortunate that really the story is quite interesting in its own right". In the end the chapter Professor Anderson gives us a quite interesting account of it.

It is undoubtedly true that the progressively developed narcissist technique whereby certain selected places and things are highlighted so as to take on an emblematic significance means that Strether might have fished out of *Roderick Hudson* for instance dills, as being near of kinship with Una's handkerchief, there can in particular be no doubt of the importance of James's works of art in this second most interesting and most sections of Professor Anderson's book deal learnedly with the ideas of *The Wings of the Dove* and *Ambassadors*. Of the first of these it is true, we perhaps scarcely need be told that "Lancaster's dove is a symbol of wealth, Macbeth's bell of taste", but there is an account of what scholars have discovered about Milly's Bronzino, including one very acute observation of Professor Anderson's own. In *Ambassadors*, of course, there is some time constituted a historian's stamping-ground. Professor Anderson indicates that very specific inferences and indeterminacies are deployed wrong case can be made for each of the series of small details which the novel's inner figures revealed were inspired by contemporary paintings of the Impressionists."

In all this there is, perhaps, scope for much curious inquiry. Professor Anderson himself is pertinaciously. But I confess what is likely to linger longest in my mind is his translation of James's translated *Madame Bovary*. On page 85 we read of "a production to a new translation James of *Madame Bovary*". This might be no more than a disagreeable fun muddled. But in a note on page 86 a passage in the text is annotated "This is [J.]'s introductory translation of *Madame Bovary* [1902]." There is no getting this. And the misapprehension comes explicable when we see the Sabin *A Bibliography of James by Leon Edel and Lawrence*. Here within its entitled *Contributions to Books* we find

> [1922a] MADAME BOVARY / TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH / TAVE [? AUDRIEU?] WITH A INTRODUCTION / BY HENRY JAMES / LONDON . . . [SIC].

But we also find

> [1922b] MADAME / BOVARY / TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH / GUSTAVE FLAUBERT / [illegible] / WITH A CRITICAL / INTRODUCTION BY HENRY JAMES / NEW YORK . . . 1902.

The Master's knowledge of a critical work is, alas, a good deal less than Professor Anderson may desire. Apart from the fact that he is ambiguousness of the English and the American, publisher that he hideous man-trap in his text.

Zoffany's "The Flower Girl", engraved by J. Young, appears with a companion mezzotint, "The Water Cress Girl", as one of the 294 lots in Christie's sale of topographical and sporting prints, caricatures and maps on Tuesday, February 28.

Straining for success

By Colin Smethurst

F. W. J. HEMMINGS :
The Life and Times of Emile Zola
192pp. Elek. £7.50.

Emile Zola's life, while not exactly rich in incident, is sufficiently diverse to interest to give the biographer a good deal to work on, and F. W. J. Hemmings tells his story with admirable lucidity. 1858 to 1861 was a key period, a time when Zola might normally have expected to be sowing his wild oats and drifting through his university studies; he experienced instead failure, illness, instability and extreme poverty amounting to virtual destitution. These crucial three years seem to have been a descent into hell for him. He could so easily have become a social derelict, part of the flotsam of working-class Paris. By an effort of will and by using one of his remaining contacts, he managed to find a job and begin his return from the abyss.

The period is all the more significant as it marks a clear watershed between Zola's on the whole happy childhood in Provence and the strain of adult life in Paris. Tout, Emile's father, an enterprising civil engineer, had died a little before his only son's seventh birthday and left his widow unprovided for and saddled with lawsuits; true also that the young boy may have come in for a certain amount of bullying at school. The atmosphere at home of genteel but increasing poverty may have affected him. All this was relatively insignificant, however, when set against the joys to be found in and around Aix. Zola's letters from Paris to his old school friends evoke whole series of day-long expeditions in the Provençal countryside and a vast sense of well-being. And what friends! The story of the friendship of Zola and Cézanne is well known, but it still astounds: two geniuses in one provincial school of the same time. "They dreamed of a Huckleberry Finn existence", writes Professor Hemmings, and they seem often to have had it in their grasp.

Much of the straining for success which is behind Zola's early journalism, and which partly explains his championing of the Impressionist cause, has its roots in the lost paradise of his childhood set over and against the experience of those first ghastly years in Paris. Thereafter success was not all that long in coming, though the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune blew him off course for a while. The winter of 1870-71 saw him scratching around and pulling strings to try to obtain a sub-prefecture from the Government of National Defence, an ironic situation for the novelist who was in the process of writing *La Curée*, a novel partly devoted to the scramble for jobs in the early days of the Second Empire.

After that, virtually every year that went by was marked by the publication of a novel. In some years there were plays, volumes of criticism, and journalism too. Zola's life seemed to be on an even keel, its sole distinguishing events being his journeys to document himself on the work in hand, and the publicity and often controversy following its publication. The "human interest" only picks up again in 1888 with the start of Zola's one and only extra-marital love affair, which gave him some awkward moments initially and then the great joy of fatherhood. The story of his life ends in a gallop, with the excitement of his involvement in the Dreyfus affair, his own trial, a night boat to exile in Britain, his return and the mysterious circumstances of his sudden death by carbon monoxide poisoning from a blocked bedroom chimney.

The difficulty for the biographer of Zola is how to make interesting those long middle years when he was producing his masterpieces. One could examine the nervous strain of constantly striving for achievement in order to buy the spectre of those three years of poverty. A work like *La Joie de vivre* was written in constant threat of nervous breakdown. While alluding to such things, Professor Hemmings underplays the neurasthenia in Zola. Instead, for the middle period, he introduces concise essays on topics ranging backwards and forwards from Zola's life and describe his friends and disciples, his effort as a wright, his personal appearance, his working methods and his relationship with the Impressionists and the straight-line narrative starts again from about 1886.

Generous illustration is an important feature of this book (in spite of the publisher's) made a mess of the list of illustrations, so that one is left in considerable doubt as to what one might find the original) and contributes much to an understanding of Zola's life. One of the most delightful pieces is a photograph taken of Zola himself or Jeanne Rozerot walking down a country road. The biography is decidedly not an academic's compendium of well-known facts about Zola, but rather a synthesis of them. A thoroughly readable book, it makes a useful complement to the author's more critical study of Zola's works.

In decorous Dorset

By Jane Miller

ELIZABETH NORTH :
Everything in the Garden
190pp. Gollancz. £4.75.

It should have been easier than it was for girls with a lot of O levels to come of age in the early 1950s. Just as long as they were friendly and sensible and pretended to believe men were better at things no more might ever be asked of them. They would soon have a home with at least two children in it, and whatever your politics the National Health would see you through. Or so it seems from here. Elizabeth North's new novel could hardly fail to appeal in any woman of that generation who was born into the middle class and is inclined, therefore, to defensiveness. It is the novel she might give to her daughter, not only because it is so witty and intelligent, and not just for its wonderfully exact period detail, but because it provides evidence that those girls had an uneasy adolescence too, protected though they were, and that their particular doubts and capitulations could seem as painfully inescapable as any others, though a good deal harder to account for.

Neither nostalgia nor resentment has inspired Miss North's picture of the dubiously privileged world of a small town in Dorset, where "the young" are expected in be as charmingly organized and well-mannered as the landscape and their parents' pretty old houses, in which they are expected to bring their friends. There are no big tragedies, just the awful fate of being lulled into unhappy inanition by the gratitude you were expected to feel. Clothes ruinating you never at lust, you could make yourself sick on chocolate, and girls who were querulous could be silenced by reminders of what they had escaped: National Service and the stains of a career. Tidiness mattered a lot, tidy minds and tidy bedrooms.

Joan has a secretarial job in the local architect's office, where she lets it be known in her upper-class voice that "she might go away one day". At weekends and on warm summer evenings she and her boyfriend, an articled clerk called Richard, bicycle into the country to have sexual intercourse, which is followed by a little light training for him and a post-coital cigarette for her. She is often bored. She reads Evelyn Waugh or Nevil Shute or *Woman's Own* when she is, and when she isn't she makes small gestures of disapproval at the ways of her elders, who "know what people ought to do" or she counts up the things she remembers from school. She has a collection of plain coloured diendls, which she wears with T shirts sent from America, wide elastic belts and sandals or ballet shoes. She keeps her tight black trousers to frighten Richard's parents with and despises their house, which is done up in a variety of shades of beige. Joan has a lively developed eye for colour schemes which "go" and others which "clash" and a nose for embarrassments and the finer class distinctions. She is quite pretty and is thought to be clever, which could mean in those days a capacity to be briskly snubbing and to say things like "Not particularly." I haven't the faintest" or "Search me" when asked what she thinks or likes. "Cool" is not a 1950s word, but that is what she is; able to confront her own future with a glassy stare, indulging fantasies as commonplace and limiting as her real prospects. She cries sometimes, but she is not sure why. Older sisters and some exquisitely characterized young wives are having first babies, reeling back from first adulteries. Joan herself is intrigued by her boss, a veteran of the war and of marriage, whose hostel dreams thrive in the mild air of Dorset, where it is only required that the signifiers of feeling and domestic disarray be kept quiet.

Joan has difficulty remembering whether she is an atheist or an agnostic, though whichever it is will out, in the end, prevent her marrying in church. She averts her gaze from the ordinariness of the wedding arrangements, standing out for no flowers and the bridesmaids being dressed in autumnal hues. She starts writing thank-you letters before the ceremony, putting in each of them: "There is just so much to do for getting married. I wonder if I would have done it if I'd known." A formulation which holds a good deal of her, being almost sincere and yet meant to sound arch. She is, of course, an agnostic, undecided, not knowing, committed to saying face, never needing to blush. The trouble is that she has never had anything to make decisions about.

Miss North's achievement is that she has made this trivial girl oddly vulnerable, even touching, just as most of the other characters, who are ordinary because they want to be ordinary, suffer disappointments and defeats which seem hard to bear because they are so devastatingly contained and smothered over. Her novel, with its decorous ironies and attention to detail, is exactly the account of themselves her characters would expect to read, though it ought to unnerve them.

Preparing for the panto

By Anita Brookner

NANCY SPAIN:
Minutes in Midnight
256pp. Duckworth. £5.95.

Nancy Spain avoided seriousness as strenuously as anyone in her profession—half journalist, half public personality—ever can. She was the confident smile on the innocent juries of panel games in the 1950s, she broadcast reminiscences of her schooldays at Roedean, she was a dependable employee of the *Daily Express*, and she wrote detective stories so maddeningly awful that they read like dummies for lurky British film comedies bristling with characters, coincidences, and car chases. Here is a fine example of the genre which is, however, not quite mature enough for reissue. Certainly Nancy Spain was much loved, as Arthur Marshall tells us in an affectionate introduction, but Duckworth's seem to think that her "humour and view of the female sex were well in advance of their time". This sinister intelligence is nowhere borne out by the printed word, and as a selling-point it verges on the insulting.

It is winter in Newchester and the town is agog with excitement over the annual pantomime which opens on Boxing Day. Beautiful White Russian Natasha DuVivien and her friend Miriam Birdseye manage to get themselves into the cast and to catch the eye of the hunt magnate Tom Adams who invites them to stay at his home, Bayleyside. Also there are slimy theatrical impresario Hampton Court, and Sir Timothy Shelly, a boyish nuisance who captures Natasha's heart. On the other side of the tracks, in lodgings, are various cockney, Irish, or comic foreign characters, notably a double act called De Freeze, Tony Gresham, the stage manager who is the son of the defunct principal boy, this, brassy Marylyn Franklin who has pointed teeth and plays Dandini, and various dressers and stage-door keepers who merely murder the language. Bodies litter the production of *Cinderella*, and the mystery of why they keep surging up is never, for my money, resolved. The confusion is sorted out with pantomime rapidity and apparently to Miss Spain's satisfaction.

Unwanted nostalgia rises from the page like a particularly choking miasma. It is a world of trainlines, brilliantine, hairnets, clothing coupons, white ankle socks, pearl car-studs, overalled daily helps, third-class carriages, belted tweed overcoats, horlicks-drink and dried egg. The love interest is especially unconvincing. Here Timothy "hums the first two bars of Chopin's Seventh Prelude", while Natasha looks "like a bewildered angel, drawn by Botticelli". Roguish Sir T. "possessed by some momentary impulse of sheer devilry", pockets a bonsy service revolver. They both quote a lot. But this is an unusual indulgence. In the main, the sentences are so short as those enjoyed by the average *Express* reader. With no subordinate clauses. Like this. All verbs are transitive. For such a slight story it must be admitted that this is a very long book; it seems longer because it goes nowhere. It does something to bring back the relentless perkiness of Nancy Spain, but even more palpably present than the author are her readers, those shabby, ill-fed and grateful people who had to be kept cheerful as a reward for winning the war.

Blowing bubbles

By Eric Korn

FAY WELDON :
Little Sisters
192pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.25.

In rather grisly circumstances—which she may possibly have imagined—Gemma, queen as a Cancer Girl among the mini skirts of Pitlo, finds a ring; large diamond, set in a bezel of erotically interlaced bodies. It is an emblem, of course, of Gemma herself who (years later, married, crippled, childless, fingerless, rich and no longer so simpler) is the key star round which the twirling planets dance; the tirelessly libidinous Victor and his teenage mistress Elsa; Gemma's husband Hamish, not so impotent as he is cracked up to be; Alice, a physiotherapist of debatable gender but it is an emblem too for the novel itself, a precious thing in which human shapes are distorted to make a setting for artificial brilliance—the Lucifer's ring turns out to be a mere rhinestone.

Victor, dropped out of tax accountancy and marriage, passing for an antique dealer, is visiting with Elsa his rich friends Gemma and Hamish, to chaffer for their furniture—but an implosion of abandonment". And procreation is exactly what Gemma is planning for her, locking her up and stealing her Pill, and Hamish is always ready to oblige his wife, being like all men "driven by the steady wind of instinct onto the rocks of humiliation and despair". (Nor is Gemma more autonomous, defining love as "the emotion we feel for those who have the capacity to hurt us". It's the philosophy of Elinor Glyn, though imbued with wit and a more tragic sense of life.)

Gemma's plans and Gemma's narrative twist and complicate, and each their simultaneous final travelling at the joint birthday party she throws for Elsa and Victor's daughter Wendy, a scene that outdoes the climax of *Psycho* in its smooth bombardment of uncomfortable shocks. Gemma, it transpires, is in thrall neither to Mr Fox nor to Mr First, but to two necromancers, from an earlier stratum, promiscuous Mother and mother's co-tripper Great-Aunt May, whose respective heirlooms, the fake pearl pendant and the crucifix, have alternated throughout the story with obstinate allegory about her pulsing neck. "It doesn't matter how long ago our childhood was, it is never finished." So Victor's wife seizes her freedom with both hands and crushes it, and Victor's daughter replays Victor's childhood. Tragedy repeats itself as farce.

As Fay Weldon debatably remarks (to extract her one more from the hail of murmured aphorisms that rattle across each page): "Sexual passion, requited, invigorates the parties concerned and enhances rather than diminishes the response to the outside world . . . romantic love, on the other hand, seems to work as a slow poison". Eventually all this knowingness dulls the edge of intelligence. There are entertaining cameos; Martina the pathetic telephonic lightsaver; and the preparatorous Ramsbottles, fanatic trippers for whom the world has been incurably diminished ever since they flew on Concorde; but they are only bubbles on the glassy surface. Though Fay Weldon's tool is the engraver's, after a while it cuts no ice.

Action man

ANTHONY PRICE :
The '44 Vintage
270pp. Gollancz. £4.50.

Anthony Price has written a number of highly intelligent and cleverly gued thrillers, all of which have had either Colonel Jack Butler, or Dr David Audley, or both, as the representatives of British Intelligence. His new novel, set in France in 1944, relates their first meeting, when Corporal J. Butler, 2nd/4th Royal North-East Lancashire Rifles, and Second-Lieutenant David Audley, Queen Charlotte's Own Royal Sussex Wessex Dragoons, are detached from their units on special duty and join Chandos Force, which, under the command of the eccentric one-eyed Major O'Conor, is about to undertake a secret mission behind enemy lines. (It is a nice touch, in a book relating the adventures of a force named after the famous fourteenth-century captain, to have the chapter headings modelled on those in a historical novel in which Sir John Chandos actually appears: Conan Doyle's *The White Company*.)

A criticism sometimes made of Anthony Price's books is that they are too much in the head. This cannot be said of his latest, which, while preserving a devilishly ingenious and complicated plot, has as much action as introlucination. And once, in addition, the young Butler and Audley are more human and sympathetic than they are to become in middle age, *The '44 Vintage* must be Anthony Price's best novel to date. One minor quibble: was not General Sir Henry Chesney's regiment given earlier as the West Hampshires, rather than, as here, the Royal North-East Lancashire Rifles?

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From more to less

By Thomas Hodgkin

POLLY HILL:
Population, Prosperity and Poverty
Rural Kano 1900 and 1970
240pp. Cambridge University Press. £8.50.

The field of economic anthropology—the intelligent perception and interpretation of economic facts, she might (or might not) prefer to call it—is one that Polly Hill has made particularly her own. *Population, Prosperity and Poverty* is a sequel to *Rural Hausa* (1972), rather as *The Last Chronicle of Barset* is a sequel to *Framley Parsonage*—concerned with essentially the same world but a much more depressed hit of it. Basic concepts, modes of explaining the world (like *wealth*, "a word with the double sense of prosperity and good fortune"), which occur in the one recur in the other, so that it is helpful to have the glossary of terms in *Rural Hausa* beside one while reading this book.

Dorayi, the community which Dr Hill describes in this gloomy, fascinating, difficult book, is a rural slum—"stagnating, impoverished, overcrowded . . . with its (increasing) population of 1,500 per square mile". It lies in the "featureless, drab, forming area" immediately south of the ancient wall of Kano city. Paradoxically Dorayi's present state of "rural stagnation or impasse—'under-development' is far too weak a word" is partly a consequence of its former prosperity. According to Muhammad Lawal, the hamlet head, "everything was more in former times, including the rain, sheep and goats and donkeys". The "Kano Close Settled Zone", the densely populated forming area around Kano city to which Dorayi belongs, owed its past attractiveness for immigrants mainly to:

the fertility of the soil, the high water table, its central position within the vast trading area of the central Sudan (which constituted a huge market for grain and other crops produced, in large part, by the farm slaves), its flourishing textile industry, its proximity to Kano city. . .

Now all that has changed. During the colonial period textile production declined owing to increased competition from European cloth; long-distance donkey caravans gradually gave way to lorry transport; there was "persistent and intensifying pressure of population on the land". For most of the people of Dorayi the philosophy of *arziki* (belief in the "mysterious personal attribute necessary for success in this world") has ceased to make much sense.

Around this central theme of increasing misery Dr Hill develops a number of deeply interesting subthemes with her usual richness of detail and sharpness of observation. Economic inequality is marked: the top 5 per cent of the population own—or owned in 1971-72, when this study was carried out—about a fifth of all farmland, the top 15 per cent nearly half, at the other end of the scale, "unscathed of all Dorayi men owned less than one acre . . . 12 per cent of all fatherless Dorayi men were virtually landless". So society "may be regarded as incipiently, if not actually, economically stratified on the basis of land ownership"—though Dr Hill has various qualifications to make, caveats to note, in regard to the nature of the class structure that is emerging. There is an increasing "rural proletariat" who eke out a living by ill-paid, part-time occupations—in addition to farm labouring, the collection and transport of produce and manure, the making of cornstalk beds, grass collecting ("the lowliest of occupations"), firewood cutting, petty trading, flattery, magic, clothes washing, etc. (Though Kano is so close, surprisingly few seem to commute, mainly for odd labouring jobs at Abdullahi Bayero College.) The "rich men" of Dorayi are becoming steadily poorer: only one of the seventeen "elders" as rich is described as "just like a mudnage", an old-style caravan leader. "Now that countrymen have had their trading and manufacturing functions usurped by city dwellers the rich, as well as the poor, stand economically disfranchised."

There are excellent and moving chapters on "married sons"—those who remain, "trapped by their fathers' poverty" and those rarer, bolder, more ruthless ones who vanish overnight ("*yan dunya*, children of the world")—and "the big house", where as many as a hundred people may live together in an economically almost self-sufficient community, itself partly a response to the situation of rural stagnation. As in a good novel one finds oneself identifying with some of the characters. I am certainly one of those fathers who "persist in clinging to their sons even when they themselves are landless and unable to provide them with farming work", since I realize only too well that "the presence of sons (and a daughter—but they seem less important in Dorayi than in Hausaland) does ensure a father's maintenance during his final decrepitude". As my best I am the *Dattijo* ("a man of about fifty years and upwards who comports himself as an elder should"), with "no occupation other than Koranic work, and considered very rich peculiarly, but . . . rich with friends". At my worst I see myself as the "notorious commissioners *mai gida* (householder) head" (he behaves like a madman, although he is not "a wholly out of his mind"), who once pushed his father down a well (and applauded); "yet during his two hundred headship no man . . . ever left the house—all having learnt how to tolerate or avoid him".

Bronzes from Benin: a lamassanon, probably eighteenth century AD, 23in high, and a whippy representing a royal drummer playing two slit drums, probably sixteenth century, height 17½in: both are in the Museum of Mankind, London. The sculptures are reproduced in Ekpu Epo's superbly illustrated Two Thousand Years: Nigerian Art 123App Lagos: Federal Department of Antiquities: distributed by Ethnographica. £25.

It may indeed seem cantankerous to criticize a book that contains so much exciting new material, which ventures into so much. Two aspects mainly worry me. Dorayi is a rural slum, but its proximity to Kano appears to be moving it increasingly into a suburban slum, with a rapid growth of absentee landlordism, rise of land prices, speculative buying. But about the relationship between Kano city and Dorayi—or, as I would say and Dr Hill would not, about the ways in which the ruling aristocratic mercantile-bureaucracy exploits the peasantry and the rural proletariat—we are told rather little. My other worry is about Dr Hill's lack of writing, where the sensitive touch with which she handles contemporary situations is partly lacking. In her chapter the Kano Emirate in the period ("indirect rural colonial rule") she has some pleasing and revealing quotations from archives, with the ghost of Lugard hovering over the abyss. It is curiously naive about the nature of the colonial system, for deploring "gross underdevelopment" lamenting that the British did not build up some idealized new village administration ("the need was to create strong, genuine, village authorities were capable of acting on their own initiative and standing the *hukimani*, . . ."). But that is the way in which the British and other colonial powers could possibly behave.

By ox-cart into the laager

By Stanley Uys

JOHN DE ST JORRE:
A House Divided
South Africa's Uncertain Future
144pp. Washington: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. $5.

R. W. JOHNSON:
How Long Will South Africa Survive?
327pp. Macmillan. £8.95 (paperback, £3.95).

GEORGE W. SHEPHERD Jnr:
Anti-Apartheid
Transnational Conflict and Western Policy in the Liberation of South Africa
246pp. Westport Publications. £12.25.

"Writing about southern Africa in the late seventies", laments John de St Jorre, "is like trying to catch water in a sieve. Opening the newspaper in the morning becomes a hazard: another fact, assumption or hypothesis has been devalued." Mr de St Jorre is being uncharacteristically modest though; his book is a notable contribution to updating the political literature on South Africa, as are R. W. Johnson's and George W. Shepherd's.

St Jorre, formerly *The Observer*'s Africa correspondent, was given a grant for his research by the Carnegie Endowment, whose International Peace-Finding Center studies "pre-crisis situations which carry significant threats to international peace". His *A House Divided* is in the form of five essays, whose titles indicate the line of study he pursued: "White Citadel", "The Silenced Majority", "Retreat Into the Laager", "Fortress South Africa" and "The Road Ahead". These essays appraise contemporary Afrikaner rule in South Africa, with the stress on what St Jorre sees as the "real dilemma" of the Afrikaner—"how to reconcile his own freedom and identity with the undoubted right of the black and brown peoples of South Africa to a similar degree of self-determination". To the Afrikaner, "imprisoned" in his laager, the road is straight and clear, according to St Jorre; but "to others in the beloved country it is the way of false prophets, leading nowhere but to conflict and bloodshed. The South African house is not built on sand, but it is morally divided within".

St Jorre comes to the melancholy conclusion that the Afrikaners, although apprehensive, have yet to be persuaded that it is in their own best interests to introduce sweeping changes in order to meet black demands. He sees Mr Vorster and his generation as men entering their final years, "moving at an ox-wagon pace in a jet age". They recognize only two alternatives: white salvation through apartheid and white perdition through apartheid's abandonment.

Ruling out military coups in South Africa, St Jorre anticipates an era of growing authoritarianism in Afrikaner government, politics and society. In the middle ground Buthelezi [chief minister of Kwazulu] is busily mustering his forces and may launch a civil disobedience campaign among his fellow black followers while maintaining contact with liberal whites. Buthelezi is a man who believes in the necessity for building political structures and Vorster is a man who is experienced in destroying them. There could be a head-on clash.

Mr St Jorre's singling out of Buthelezi could be prophetic: Buthelezi's Zulu Inkatha movement has just formed an alliance with Coloured and Indian leaders, and wants to extend its African following from Kwazulu to the restive urban townships. Mr Vorster will not tolerate this.

St Jorre's book is valuable not only for its assessment of the black political struggle, but also for some fascinating observations on the political role of BOSS (Bureau for State Security), South Africa's military involvement with Rhodesia, the Israeli and Iranian connections, and the international campaign to apply sanctions against South Africa. I would question though one or two of St Jorre's statements: for example, that South Africa regards both Rhodesia and South West Africa (Namibia) as "expendable". This might have been true a few years ago; it is certainly not true today.

R. W. Johnson's book, *How Long Will South Africa Survive?* (published before St Jorre's), covers a lot of the same territory: Johnson adopts a narrative style, and writes with great verve and self-assurance, studding his account with some brilliant insights. But the book lacks both an index and bibliography, and the bemused reader is left feeling he has been blinded by science for which there is not sufficient supporting evidence. Johnson's chapter on gold, for instance, is excellently well researched and most of the pieces of the jigsaw are put together with great skill: but again one is left wondering whether he does not strain his conclusions beyond their stretchable limit. At what point did America's attempts to cut gold down to size, because it was a rival to the dollar, spill over into a deliberate ploy by Kissinger to force Vorster to put pressure on Ian Smith?

"Washington manipulated the gold price against her [South Africa]", writes Johnson, "and then, when Pretoria went in search of loans, manipulated the credit market against her. The more Washington squeezed Pretoria, the more Pretoria squeezed Salisbury. Not to put too fine a gloss on it, it seems certain that Vorster was doubly-crossed in and after the Bavarin meeting. He had done all that had been asked of him—and had been rewarded with increasing, not decreasing, pressure from Washington." Well, yes, that's what many people thought at the time, and that's the way Pretoria tells it. But is it the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Johnson's chapter on South Africa's invasion of Angola is very good, but again he presents South Africa too naively in the role of the injured innocent. "Pretoria had never wanted to go into Angola", he writes. "She had been pushed, pulled and cajoled into the war." Johnson says America gave South Africa assurances of support over Angola which were not honoured, but then qualifies this by saying the assurances probably were no more than "vague promises about commitment to a common struggle". South Africa, undoubtedly, was tempted into invading Angola—by, among others, America, France, Zaire and Zambia—but the country's political and military leaders, after all, are adult consenting males. They could have refused to go in.

Johnson's book, nevertheless, is required reading for anybody who wants to update his knowledge on the South African situation. The section on France's military and political links with South Africa, for example, is illuminating. But what conclusion does Johnson, Fellow in Politics and Sociology, Magdalen College, Oxford (see about South Africa's future)? that "if the Pretoria regime is sufficiently ruthless and judiry at home it may be able to repress black rebellion well into the twenty-first century. . ."

George W. Shepherd's *Anti-Apartheid* approaches the African situation differently, concerning itself with "the beast", which it defines as "the very centre of the problem": the structural support for apartheid in the United States and the United Kingdom and American and other nongovernmental opposition to it. Shepherd's diligently researched thesis is that South Africa "will change its policies of its own volition; rather he insists, will the Western powers exert the necessary pressure to force it to make those changes. Therefore effective pressures will come from nongovernmental organizations . . . organizations not only against liberation movements, but legitimate struggles, and in this way gain coerce governments into being sympathetic towards them".

Shepherd is scathing about the role of the major Western powers in South Africa. He claims that they have been especially inaccurate in predicting and assessing the situation there, because of their bias towards stability". He concludes "Western governments may continue to support the apartheid superstructure. But its collapse has already begun and will continue until the present nongovernmental actors, along with the liberation movements, secure fundamental change."

Ex cathedra embarrassments

By Martin Dodsworth

JOHN WAIN:
Professing Poetry
296pp. Macmillan. £6.95.

There is more than a hint of uncertainty in the title which John Wain has used for this collection of his lectures as Oxford as Professor of Poetry. Most probably he intended a declaration of faith in the art of poetry as something that chimes happily with his academic title, yet, alone we often fail to practise what we profess, a doubt about his confidence insinuates itself into his meaning. The book's epigraph only confirms this sense of doubt: ". . . A Poet, or one that doth profess Poetry . . . *Deposition at the trial of George Chapman, 1617.*" The reference is suitably learned, as though to confirm that the book really is the work of a professor, for the trial is one of those complicated matters of money and bonds in which Jacobean Englishmen delighted and, further, it has been known about for little more than thirty years. Chapman's way of life was the object of some curiosity in court; was being a poet all that he did? Richard Hulanus, of the Inner Temple, was reported as having heard, and indeed as himself thinking, that "George Chapman doth professe Poetrie". Roger Jones, gentleman, knew more, but on the basis of his greater knowledge was more cautious: "George Chapman hath made dyvers playes and written other bookes. But whether he may be termed a Poet or not this deponent . . . doth not know." This is the Chapman of Chapman's Homer, and it may be that Wain used his epigraph feeling that the poet had the last laugh. Nevertheless, these are strange and ominous echoes for him to call up, however much he may wish them to be muffled in a facetiously learned irony, and they speak eloquently of the discomfort which attends upon the Oxford Chair of Poetry.

It is a discomfort which must be felt to a special degree by a poet. Recent elections to the Chair have been accompanied by publicity of a kind indifferent to the values that, by tradition, seem to be embodied in their work. The daily calling of odds at Ladbroke's, where the odds go up and down simply as the bets are laid, is a terrifying image for the poet of the subjection of his art to all that is arbitrary and contingent. Successful or unsuccessful, candidates must shudder when their fate is handed over, however temporarily, to mere numbers. You become Professor of Poetry at Oxford not because you are a great poet or even a good one, but because you are a profound thinker or even a clear-headed one, but because more MAs of the university in their wisdom vote for you rather than for any of your rivals; and their wisdom is a strange thing, their gowns changeable taffeta, their minds very opals. How did Canon Fox come to be elected to the Chair in 1938? On the day of the election there was a one-day conference of clergymen, incumbents of College livings, at Magdalen; after what was, no doubt, a good lunch, the College Fellow in English exhorted them to do something for their College (and their lunch) by electing a Magdalen man. The clergymen marched down to the Sheldonian Theatre and Fox was elected.

Wain tells this interesting story himself: two or three pages later on he declares "the MAs appear to me to have chosen sensibly, in those last twenty years ('We make wise choices in the end.')". In the end, maybe; but the end is not yet, and the MAs who appear to have chosen rightly may have chosen wrongly, and the election of Canon Fox may after all prove to be the type for all the elections to the Chair to date. Mr Wain suggests that C. S. Lewis's motive in getting Fox elected was his hatred of modernism; to be sure of that point we would need to know what Fox's opponents were, and we are not given this information. But it seems equally possible that Lewis was treating the Chair in that same frivolous spirit that led to the politicking of the 1950s and the early 1960s and its establishment as one of the ritualist sideshows in our uncultured age. The Oxford Professor of Poetry is in danger of becoming a kind of Bearded Lady or Indian-rubber Man.

The vogue for putting forward poets for election to the Chair has, of course, encouraged this tendency. Poets are holy cows or sacred monsters, and very rarely anything between those categories; cows and monsters are equally bad at the professor's business of lecturing. It is true that the great English critics have been our poets, but great poets do not occur with such frequency that one can be elected Professor of Poetry every five years. Mr Wain's poet-predecessors since 1951 have been Day Lewis, Auden, Graves, Blunden and Roy Fuller. Only Auden's lectures seem likely to be referred to much in the years to come, and they have surely been overpraised. The rest has been pretty dull gruel, despite the addition of Grecsian spices to Fuller's vitamin.

John Wain's lectures are no exception; some are decidedly better than others, but the general impression is one of amiable greyness. He should not be judged harshly for this. Once the Professor has been elected, the MAs abandon him to the university which they visit only occasionally; and the university offers him an audience made up for the most part of undergraduates whose interests and sympathies it will be hard for a poet to reach in the places, three times a year to assess with any accuracy. His lectures, by reason of their infrequency, tend to want to impose themselves as events in the intellectual life of Oxford, but, as this is a life with which the speaker has little to do, the likely result is what we have here, obvious or trite generalizations falling flat in the empty space provided for them:

art, the free exercise of the imagination, is just about the only thing we have left, the only complete success our species can point to. Most of our techniques concern pure physical survival. But if we want to do more than survive, if we want to lift up our heads and assert that we, too, amount to something, what is there left but art?

The weary prose, ". . . pure physical survival . . . lift up our heads and assert . . .", does not tempt one to reply; it says merely: "The Lecture will be, the Lecture is, the Lecture has been".

And what you thought you came for
Is only a shell, a husk of meaning
From which the purpose breaks
when it is fulfilled
If at all.

Fortunately, only three of the nine lectures printed in *Professing Poetry* attempt the grandly general topics in which the occasion inclines, but not the Professor. The others have a subject-matter closer to Mr Wain's own interests. He visits America, and talks about Emily Dickinson; he writes a play and looks again at Milton's *Comus*; reflecting on his own past life, he lectures on that of another poet, Edward Thomas. All these pieces are distinguished by their apt use of quotation and by a fluent style which too often lapses into facility. The lecture on Thomas shows exceptional sympathy for the writer, presents an original choice of poems and comments on them perceptively, yet manifests a remarkable mawkishness in style:

Helen's description of their last night together cannot be quoted. It must be left in its natural setting, tightly folded in the petals of the flower she grew for Edward out of her memories and her suffering (i.e. the two books of memoirs). Dragged out, it would be too much like a bleeding torn-off limb. It is personal, but universal; universal because personal—the agony of one man, repeated in thousands of women whenever nations go to war.

The falsity of tone here cannot derive, as did the greyness of the general statements, from the embarrassments which surround the Oxford Chair. In part, at least, they stem from Wain's preference for a reverential posture. Poetry is to be admired, not judged. At least, this seems to be the implication of his inaugural lecture, which suggests that the relationship of poet and audience is properly not that of St Patrick and Oisin "jangling and flyting and seeking always to upstage and disconcert one another" but that of Patrick and Caolte, "with the hearer delighted by the wonderful things the poet has to tell, and his beautiful and memorable way of telling them". This heavy commitment to delight explains why there is more of Liberace than of Leavis in the passage just quoted.

Nevertheless, the three lectures on poets roughly of our own time—Auden, Larkin and Empson—are not to be avoided. The first is the weakest of the three. It eulogizes Auden (who had just died when the lecture was given), but not much so for its own good. Those on Larkin and Empson are, however, most persuasive general introductions of a kind not much written now. They do not presuppose great literary culture, they are happy to list themes and summarize lives, and above all they do not intimidate the reader in their vocabulary and sentence-structure. Mr Wain writes here for the common reader, and he does so with notable success where the subject, the poetry of Empson, seems most uncompromising. The distinction of mind and dignity of purpose which are elsewhere discovered or distorted shine out clearly in this essay—a hard-won and valuable achievement.

It is not only Mr Wain's predilection for praising that absences and distorts, however. As Professor of Poetry, he is a poet in a sideshow, however distinguished the surroundings may be. On stage, he is in touch with his audience and yet apart from it. By an admirable effort of the imagination he sees the common reader before him: but the common reader's nature is mediated to him by all the apparatus of modern showmanship. In preparing his lectures for a wider public than professorial lectures usually expect, he has linked them together with a commentary intended to convey "the unique nature of the Oxford Chair" and "the special atmosphere that surrounds it". There is certainly room for a frank appraisal of the meaning which the Chair has now acquired in popular journalism, but matters are not helped by such things as the account of celebrations at the Wains' following the election:

Food and drink were now called for. Happily, our wine merchant had made a delivery the day before, and there were enough bottles of inexpensive wine to go round and more than go round.

The Pontarfai touch in "inexpensive" betrays a lack of awareness on Wain's part. He cannot see that such pointless revelations sit ill upon the man who elsewhere disdains the "jelly-bellied democratization of our times", one of whose characteristics is the encouraging just such an appetite for personal trivia as this. The poet should stand for a culture that cannot be homogenized, in so far as his life is a poet's life, it should resist the intrusion of voyeur curiosity, not, in this fashion, anticipate it. Underlying such errors of tone in his book (and, of course, the mawkishness already noted has something to do with it) it is hard not to see an involuntary approximation of the poet to a culture which he also disdains, an uncertainty for decorum that surrounding the Oxford Chair of Poetry, an uncertainty whether he could survive as a poet without the publicity, without the interviews, the personal appearances and the winsome jokes (see the index entry under WAIN, JOHN—a unique use of capitals there, by the way—"very juicy man"). Since Wain is a man of intelligence and good will, and a poet of some gift (as he reminds us in an appendix of his poems), it is depressing that he should be the victim of such feelings.

As for the Oxford Chair of Poetry, it is surely high time that the university scrutinized its workings. If it is felt that the university would benefit by having a writer in residence who could advise and encourage undergraduate and graduate writers, as John Wain has, then let them create such a post, and let it be distinct from that of the Professor of Poetry. If, further, the university would like to arrange a series of literary lectures on the lines, perhaps, of the Clark lectures at Cambridge (how much more attractive as well as useful these have been in the promotion of an intelligent interest in poetry and other forms of literature), then surely a means could be found to arrest the election of the Professor of Poetry from the hands of the MAs. It might even be used in the promotion of an art for which few prizes, if any, are reserved, for which no subsidies exist, and which *Professing Poetry* shows to be in no good shape—the art of criticism.

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The virtuous and the happy

By Gregory Vlastos

TERENCE IRWIN:
Plato's Moral Theory
The Early and Middle Dialogues
376pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £9.50.

Terence Irwin is a superbly talented young scholar. His knowledge of Plato's text (and Aristotle's too, with which he often makes comparisons) is exact. He is abreast of the work of multitudes of other scholars on the texts he studies. There are nearly 300 titles in his bibliography, many of them books and journal articles on Plato. He reports their views with pith and accuracy, explaining tersely why he agrees or dissents. He has expert command of the moral philosophy of the modern period, from Hume and Kant to the present, and uses it to good advantage to gain perspective on the substantive issues with which Socrates and Plato are concerned. And he has a flair for resourceful and tight argument which most of his seniors in his field might envy him. His style is not appealing. Though clear in sentence-structure, it is flat, bookish, repetitious and thick with technical terms of his own invention, often replaced by alphabetized abbreviations. Intellectual nutriment is peddled in a form which has the bleak wholesomeness of granola. But this is a trifling hardship to put up with in a work which is rich in philosophical erudition, arresting in its claims, and powerful in its reasoning.

Its major claim is that the ethical positions of Socrates and Plato are polar opposites within the "eudemonist" view they both hold in maintaining that the only complete and final good for man is happiness. For whilo moral virtue is for Plato a part of that final good, a constituent of it, and is therefore good in itself, for Socrates virtue has an altogether different status: it is external to happiness, a mere means to it, of no value in and of itself, preferable to vice only because it is a more efficient happiness-generator than its rival. A related difference is that while for Plato happiness is an "indeterminate" end, for Socrates it is a "determinate" one, having the same "fixed content" for any two persons picked at random: their descriptions of it may be different, but the reference would be the same. (All terms within quotation marks in this paragraph are Irwin's). Thus Socrates is supposed to hold that the virtuous and the vicious man are pursuing the same end, differing only in their choice of means, and that the moralist's task is simply to enlighten that choice. This requires translating the language of moral commendation into the neutral language of utility. The programme is reductionist. Moral knowledge is only "technical" knowledge—knowledge of means. This, Irwin holds, is the point of the "craft analogy" which plays so large a role in the earlier dialogues. Only if moral knowledge were as "technical" as is the carpenter's, the cobbler's, the navigator's, and the like, whose claims can be established by "measurement", will it count as knowledge for Socrates, the sort of knowledge which will "eliminate disputed terms" from its canonical sentences and enable moral disagreements to be settled by a procedure which is, in principle, value-free.

Not so Plato. For him happiness is a variable term, differing for persons of different character, experience and insight. Hence to persuade us that moral conduct "pays", i.e. pays off in happiness, his strategy will be the antithesis of the one Socrates would have followed. Socrates would be content to make us see the moral virtues as means to happiness. Plato would be as concerned to enlighten our conception of happiness as our idea of virtue. This is how Irwin interprets the strategy of the great argument that "justice pays" in the *Republic*. That the notion of justice with which the interlocutors begin will have to be overhauled is explicit enough in Plato's text. At the start they are not supposed to know what justice is; they must discover it. And when they do find it or long last, it turns out to be wonderfully different from what they had previously believed to be, "moral perspective and judgment" [illegible] as

But, *pari passu* with this reconstruction of their idea of justice, Irwin points out, the argument has been transforming their conception of happiness. Plato does not say that he is doing this, but he does it all the same, and his argument succeeds only to the extent in which it achieves this effect. When we have been brought to see what our soul would be like if it were Platonically just (intellect, emotion, and appetite rationally harmonized in friendly, non-repressive, order) and what our *polis* would be like if it were Platonically just (its three classes analogously harmonized in friendly union under the hegemony of philosophic reason), we shall have gained a new vision of happiness, which only that kind of soul, ideally living in that kind of society, could realize. When we have exchanged our vulgar view for this Platonic happiness then, and only then, does Plato expect that we shall be persuaded that "justice pays".

What I have offered here is, in barest outline, the main plot of Irwin's story, without a word on its sub-plots—its numerous collateral and ancillary theses—nor yet on its analyses of the plethora of individual arguments, many of them self-contained, which form the substance of the dialogues, their flesh and bone, off but their skin of graceful chatter and badinage. Though this detailed work which makes up much of the book will be of greatest interest to the specialist, it would be hopeless to report, for alone appraise, it here. So my critical comment must be selective: harshly, but not arbitrarily, so, for it will focus on the bits I have sketched above, and this, were it accepted by the historians, would fix the positions of Socrates and of Plato in the development of moral theory in the West. Is that fair?

Let me start with its second half, which concerns Plato. A case for this general view of Plato's ethical theory had already been made by scholarly work over the past generation, particularly in Oxford. Irwin's aims omitted. It was just fifty years ago that H. A. Prichard, in his inaugural lecture as White's Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, had put forward the startling claim that Plato's moral position was utilitarian. The claim seemed false on the face of it, since the explicit thesis of Plato's argument that "justice pays" is that justice is good in itself, not merely in its consequences.

But Prichard's tour de force of acute and stubborn argument made his claim plausible enough to provoke a series of ripostes which in the course of refuting Prichard accomplished something far more important: they separated out the notion of eudemonism from that of utilitarianism (in its consistently consequentialist form) with which it had been commonly confounded (for a sample of the confusion see the section, "Theory of the Good", in Henry Jackson's article on Socrates in the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, one of the most muddled paragraphs in the whole of that admirable compendium of knowledge authoritative in its time). These scholars showed that justifying morality "teleologically" (i.e. by its contribution to happiness) need not involve a sell-out of probity to expediency, as Kant and others after him had maintained: that error the teleological moralist can avoid by thinking of the moral virtues as "parts" of happiness, or "elements" or "ingredients" of it.

These quoted words and the thought itself hail from John Stuart Mill's *Utilitarianism*, the surprising source in which, as Irwin notes, this line of thought can be traced back. But in Mill's time this strain in his thought had been dismissed as an amiable indiscretion ("mere lumeness of phraseology, venial in a treatise aiming at a popular style"), was the phrase Henry Sidgwick had used in discussing it with him.

Irwin sees how out of sorts this passage is with consequentialism, and so too a later one in the *Apology*, when Socrates remarks, after his condemnation, that "no evil thing can happen to a good man" (41D), which Irwin glosses admirably: "A good man cannot be harmed; being virtuous is not simply our best prospect for happiness, but in itself sufficient for happiness." He dubs this "the thesis of virtue", a label I gladly accept, and recognizes the same in the *Crito*, and then finds a passage in the *Gorgias* (512E) where Socrates declares that what matters, however he may be sequenced for the future, is "what kind of man he may be". Irwin comments: "This thought illuminatingly recalls the *Nicomachean Ethics* (1168A22-5) of Aristotle, who says, "argues similarly that the virtuous man who acts for the sake of what is admirable will perform a single admirable action with discernible consequences for himself, than like one who has done it".

In all these passages he notes, Socrates explains in the *Apology* (28B) why he had acted as he did in circumstances where to stick by justice was to take his life into his hands: "A man worth anything at all should take no account of whether he is to live or die, or give consideration to anything but this: whether his conduct will be just or unjust, the action of a good or of an evil man." He cites Achilles, noblest of the heroes (strange model for a plebeian, a stationery's and a midwife's son): when his options were a base deed (*aischrourgia*) or death, Achilles preferred death; and so do I. As Irwin recognizes, this is a far cry from justifying a choice by measuring utility in competing options. Socrates chooses the action which is good in itself—morally splendid, beautiful (*kalon*)—because it is just; nothing else matters.

Irwin's account of such

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BODLEY HEAD

TLS Commentary

Watering down Hardy

"Well, World, you have kept faith with me,/Kept faith with me", Hardy wrote on his eighty-sixth birthday. Fifty years after his death the world keeps faith still, and one of the most notable of the current tributes, certainly the one to command the largest audience, is Dennis Potter's serialization of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* for BBC Television.

Hardy subtitled his novel "A Story of a Man of Character" and thought of it as "more particularly a study of one man's deeds and character than, perhaps, any other of those included in my Exhibition of Wessex life". Alan Bates misses something of Henchard's dignity and generosity (in the bankruptcy episode Henchard is played as angry and vengeful where Hardy had emphasized his honesty and integrity), but otherwise manages most of the hero's characteristics. And when Henchard walks across the market-place the camera moves along with him, indifferent to the turnstile, keeping the hero always in the middle of the frame.

Mr Potter is also remarkably faithful to Hardy's dialogue, retaining most of the key speeches as well as Henchard's distinctive "ee's" and "thee's". New speeches are added and some old ones are modernized, not always successfully: Lucetta, who is trying to lire dum on "indiscretion", would be unlikely to say to Henchard "when we were lovers". But there are few serious distortions.

Rather more liberty is taken with plot, sometimes to good effect, sometimes not. Chapters 25-31 of Hardy's novel, for instance, describe the rivalry between Henchard and his former partner Farfrae for Lucetta; Henchard's reckless and unsuccessful gamble on the harvest; the exposure of Henchard's shameful past by the furmity-woman; Henchard's rescuing of Lucetta and Elizabeth Jane from a bull; and the discovery of Farfrae's and Lucetta's secret marriage. These chapters formed the basis for the fourth of Potter's seven episodes, but underwent several changes. In Hardy the harvest sequence—the hiring and firing of Jopp, the consultation of the weather man, Henchard's gamble and financial ruin—takes place within a single chapter. Potter interweaves the business rivalry with the love rivalry, underlining the connection and achieving a more plausible time-span.

In Hardy, Henchard reminds Farfrae of his affair with "the woman from Jersey" (Lucetta) while they are out walking; Potter has this conversation take place in front of Lucetta—a heightening of dramatic tension. In Hardy, there is an improbable coincidence where Henchard overhears Farfrae's proposal to Lucetta; Potter omits the coincidence, but retains the suggestion of overhearing and suspicion by rapid cutting between the protagonists. In Hardy, Henchard's mastery of a dangerous old bull is genuinely impressive; in Potter's version an animal more like a frisky young heifer than a bull moos amiably, pursues perfunctorily, and, despite melodramatic suggestions that the ladies "might have been killed", is easily overpowered. In Hardy, the ringing of church bells makes a dramatic background to Henchard's discovery of Lucetta's secret marriage; Potter has the bells ring later and only in order that Lucetta may ask, sentimentally and without Hardy's authority, "are they ringing for us?".

The last change is the most disturbing, for it hints that at the BBC people still believe that classics must be diluted and romanticized in order to be enjoyed. Thus it is not enough that Susan, reunited with the husband who once sold her, should "lean against" and be "supported" by him—there must be a passionate embrace. There is further dilution through simplification of complex behaviour: it might seem odd that a young woman like Elizabeth Jane should be naturally reserved and austere; these attributes are therefore explained away as the result of grief at her mother's death (the frequent shots of her putting flowers on her mother's grave are not justified by anything in Hardy). Such "explanations" sometimes produce serious distortions: at the beginning of a recent episode, the announcer, summarizing "the story so far", said that Elizabeth Jane had gone to live with Lucetta "because of Henchard's coldness"; but Elizabeth Jane's principal motive is to improve herself and achieve independence.

Dennis Potter cannot be directly blamed for the misguided meddlings of others, but by its blurring of such issues as self-improvement and independence, so crucial in Hardy's text, his dramatization allows mistakes of that kind to be made. In Hardy's novel, emphasis is laid on the fact that Lucetta is lowering herself in being attracted to a mere "tradesman" like Farfrae; Jack Galloway plays Farfrae well, but never convincingly communicates this social dimension.

Blake Morrison

Fifty years on . . .

La Trahison des Clercs, *by Julien Benda, was first reviewed in the* TLS *of January 19, 1928, by Mme Duclaux; a second review, by T. S. Eliot, appeared a month later, in the issue of February 23:*

M Benda cites, among the modern *clercs* who have "betrayed" the cause of pure thought to political passions, the following: Barrès, Péguy, Maurras and the other directors of *L'Action Française*, D'Annunzio, William James and Kipling. The last two names interest us perhaps the most, and it is in relation to these that we become first aware of the insufficiency of M Benda's argument. Against Mr Kipling, for instance, he produces no evidence, but only the assertion. In what way, we ask, has Mr Kipling served illegitimate political passions? It is true that Mr Kipling has written bad verse and poor prose, as well as poetry and fine prose; but that is not the point. It was for M Benda to show that Mr Kipling's genius, as poet and writer of tales, has been prostituted to the service of a dangerous and irrational Imperialism; and that M Benda has not shown. . . . Wa doubt, indeed, whether he could dissociate the "nationalism" or "imperialism" in Mr Kipling's work from Mr Kipling's literary genius; or whether he could prove that his influence on popular passions has been maleficent. He has not attempted to do so. . . .

M Benda is known to have been meditating this book for several years; it is therefore a coincidence that it appears at a moment when it seems to support the case against M Maurras and the *Action Française*. But, although we agree with M Benda in his general observations, we must remark that while his case against Mr Kipling is too vague to be dealt with, his case against M Maurras is ironic. He accuses M Maurras, among others, of exciting political passions, of devoting to party what was meant for mankind. And yet his thesis is fundamentally the same that Charles Maurras expounded in 1909, in his book *L'Avenir de l'Intelligence*. For M Maurras then wrote to express his regret exactly that the clerc was nowadays mingled in public affairs: his book was a protest against conditions under which the intellectual, who should be occupied with intellectual matters purely, was forced to mix in the quarrels of the market place. "La dignité des esprits est de penser, de penser bien, et ceux qui n'ont pas réfléchi au véritable caractère de cette dignité sont seuls flattés de la beauté d'un rêve de domination." Thus M Maurras in 1905; and M Maurras then, as M Benda now, took pains to point out how much better things were managed in the reign of Louis XIV, when the government was strong and settled and the clerc could go about his own business. . . .

It is to be hoped that the book will be translated. It is, in fact, one of the books of the day in France, and should be a book of the day in every other country.

A bookplate (for N. G. Bronchenkov) by the contemporary Russian artist A. I. Kobelnikov, from an extensively illustrated discussion of his work for William E. Butler in the latest issue of The Private Library (*Publications Secretary, Rowledge, South View Road, Pinner, Middlesex*).

Sending up Wordsworth

Wordsworth Heritage Week at the Round House ran from February 11 to 18, its object being to raise funds for the admirable Heritage Appeal, the aim of which is threefold: to do up Dove Cottage, to rehouse the Wordsworth Museum, and to create a relevant and up-to-date library. The programme announced an interesting variety of events: Seamus Heaney reading Seamus Heaney, as the calendar put it; Ted Hughes, less whimsically, reading his own work; Basil Bunting reading the work of Wordsworth (always up to be an exciting experience); an evening of Brecht songs, poems and prose; Ronald Blythe presenting a selection from Hardy.

Many supporters felt that the highlight of the week was almost bound to be the Friday event, "In Grosmere Vale", when Gemma Jones, Michael Pennington and Jonathan Pryce were to read not only extracts from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal and William Wordsworth's poetry but also passages from the recently discovered manuscripts of which so much has been heard.

In fact, the new material was all that could have been hoped. The programme in general was well-devised, on somewhat predictable lines, but the love letter from William to Mary and her reply were quite startling. I had never thought to see the Wordsworths enrolled in the ranks of Great Lovers but so they will now have to be.

However, the producer had wisely decided that nobody's had for an hour or so with a jolly good laugh, preferably of a smoothing nature. The extracts of the contemporary Wordsworth Museum, and to create a relevant and up-to-date library. The programme announced an interesting variety of events: Seamus Heaney reading Seamus Heaney, as the calendar put it; Ted Hughes, less whimsically, reading his own work; Basil Bunting reading the work of Wordsworth (always up to be an exciting experience); an evening of Brecht songs, poems and prose; Ronald Blythe presenting a selection from Hardy.

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Unfortunately, as far as the spoken part of the programme was concerned, the production contained some deplorable solecisms. "I wandered lonely as a cloud", for example, was read for the laughs. No doubt it is perfectly appropriate for consenting schoolboys in private to split their sides over this subtle poem, and I admit that a large part of the audience responded to the doring send-up with gleefully naughty shrieks, but it seemed a rather philistine proceeding, especially in view of the nature of the appeal; and impolitic, too, for might not people decide against paying out good money for the doingsup of the house of such an old dotard?

Patricia Beer

The limits of free speech

By Geoffrey Marshall

RUSSELL TUSSMAN:
Government and the Mind
135pp. Oxford University Press. £7

Though the death of political philosophy so firmly announced in the 1950s and 1960s has admitted to have been greatly exaggerated, British philosophers still do not seem much excited by the central questions of politics. Lawyers for their part, if they are well lectured, think about some of their business, while the more theoretical political scientists are away play-clay modelling with the sociologists. In the United States, by contrast, questions about political obligation, equality, justice and liberty are being attacked from new angles, partly under the impact of recent events and partly under the pressure and stimulation of a constitutional system that compels (as the British system does not) rationalization about rights and the limits of rights, and about conflicts between rights.

Joseph Tussman is a philosopher in the University of California at Berkeley. In *Government and the Mind* Professor Tussman, like John Stuart Mill and Oliver Wendell Holmes, asks for and offers a theory about the limits of governmental action in the control of speech and expression. This free speech primer is ingenious, somewhat conservative in its implications, and readable, being punctuated by numerous small stinging comments and more extended parenthetical notes that can be applauded or resented according to taste. Like Mill's argument for the liberty of thought and discussion, however, it is embedded inside a broader thesis as to the limits of state action, about whose foundation some doubts may be admitted. Before confronting the free speech theory the reader may have to tip-toe past the writer thesis reflected in the book's title, which is presented as a counterblast to a permissive, libertarian view that perhaps needs less countering and blasting than Professor Tussman gives it.

The doctrine in question is one enunciated in an opinion of the United States Supreme Court—that "Government may not invade the sphere of intellect and spirit which it is the purpose of the First Amendment to our Constitution to reserve from all official control". "It would be difficult", Professor Tussman argues, "to find another statement so plausible, so seductively obvious and yet so utterly, so foolishly, so deeply mistaken". Though it does not ultimately damage his free speech theory, it seems possible that Professor Tussman takes this remark too seriously, giving it too expansive a sense. He paraphrases it in various ways—for example by saying that it denies the government any authority in the realm of mind or spirit, or that it forbids the government to concern itself with the citizen's mind or beliefs.

Of course it can be shown, and Professor Tussman does show, that there are very many ways in which the government may concern itself with citizens' beliefs as well as with their bodies and physical well-being. The demonstration is conducted under three headings—the sphere of Cognition, the exercise of the Teaching Power and the regulation of the Public Forum.

In all these areas the government, it is argued, has a proper concern with the mind and the intellect. In the teaching power it has an inherent constitutional authority to establish and direct the teaching activity and institutions needed to ensure its continuity and to further its legitimate purposes. There is a necessary distinction here between a strong and weak sense of this entitlement—between the right to monopolize the provision of education and the right to play a leading role in it. Professor Tussman does not think goodness defend the strong sense, but offers the weak sense as evidence of the government's legitimate involvement with the mind. The evidence need not be disputed.

In the realm of cognition, it is argued that the community in a sense is a state of mind or at least that it has one. The government has rightly an interest in seeing that the state of mind is one that is informed, instructed, alerted and elevated. It may give grants to drama or the arts and it may promote mental activity (or research) among scientists or even philosophers. That in these senses government has a concern with the mind hardly anyone would deny. One could multiply instances.

Government is concerned with the investor's mind when it raises Bank Rate and with the criminal's mind when it attaches deterrent sanctions to penal laws. When a state television instrumentality offers certain spectacles ("Match of the Day", "Miss World" perhaps) the mind of the citizen-audience is powerfully concentrated, and few would cite the Supreme Court's libertarian sentiment as a ground for confining all such activities to the sphere of private enterprise and denying to the BBC its stake in the realm of intellect.

Even however if the Supreme Court's dictum is taken as more than a rhetorical flourish, what it denies is "invasion", not involvement or concern. There is clearly a difference between having a legitimate involvement with, or authority in, a sphere of activity and "invading" it. To invade a right or a sphere of action is not the same as entering it, or being concerned with it or regulating it. To invade is to enter wrongly, to violate or infringe, or to misregulate. Taken in that sense there seems little to quarrel with in the assertion that the Constitution is intended to prohibit such invasion or violation of the sphere of free expression guaranteed by the First Amendment, and it is hard to believe that the sentiment reflects a coherent, seductive, mistaken ontological belief about the existence of a "separate private sphere of mind, spirit or intellect".

Professor Tussman proposes three reasons why there may be such a view at large. It reflects, he suggests, the convergence of three doctrines—the theory of separation of Church and State, the philosophical notion of an inner and outer self, and a mistaken historical interpretation of the Bill of Rights, attributing to its authors an intention to deny jurisdiction in the sphere of speech and opinion to government generally, rather than to reserve authority in that sphere to the states. All of this is ingeniously argued and seductively obvious, but as an explanation of any current belief on the part of actual citizens or judges it seems implausible. Nor does any of the three doctrines or influences actually supply a reason for what it allegedly supports. The so-called wall of separation between Church and State has not been at all clearcut or absolute and the supersession of a states' rights interpretation of the First Amendment by a different theory that has incorporated its guarantees in the Fourteenth Amendment does not entail of itself any absolutist view about the total exclusion of all federal and state power from the area of speech and expression.

Again it may be that determined libertarian views have been fostered by the Millian philosophy of State exclusion from the regulation of self-regarding actions of the individual, but that was, as Professor Tussman concedes, a proposal to leave both the individual's mind and body alone in a certain sphere, a theory that has nothing to do with any separation of the physical and mental or an inner and outer self.

This much has to be said to clear the way for the free speech thesis that Professor Tussman advances—a theory which stands on its own feet and can usefully be abstracted from the package in which it is presented. The theory itself, which is forcefully and entertainingly argued, has some affinities with that of Alexander Meiklejohn and the late Harry Kalven. All American free speech theorists have acknowledged that the bold assertion that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech is not an absolute prohibition upon any law touching upon or limiting speech.

Even "absolutists" who have argued that "No law means no law" and that the First Amendment "means what it says" have conceded that the veto on restraining speech does not apply universally at any time; that the First Amendment is not a guarantee of unregulated talkativeness and that speech may properly be regulated as to its time, manner and place (as restrictions in debates or legislative forums may be designed to secure full freedom for all in their turn). The concept of "speech" must also for constitutional purposes be confined within some limits. Some things not literally speech acts (e.g. writing) may be protected, but not every act that expresses or symbolizes belief or opinion can count (e.g. bomb-throwing).

Both the forum problem and the symbolic speech problem were illustrated in *Tinker v Des Moines Community School District* in 1969, when high-school students were suspended for disobeying school regulations by wearing black armbands protesting against the Vietnam War. The school authorities did not wish disciplina or classwork to be affected by the carrying on of political propaganda within the school (as in some British schools the circulation of National Front propaganda or Conservative tracts may be discouraged).

The Supreme Court, however, upheld the students' symbolic speech act (over the dissent incidentally of the libertarian Mr Justice Black, who had come to believe that "speech" did not include symbolic acts such as picketing, parading or the conduct of "sit-ins, break-ins, lie-ins and smash-ins"). Professor Tussman is on Mr Justice Black's side, seeing something amiss in the Court majority's dictum that students and teachers "do not shed their free speech rights at the school-house gate". This he labels "a sanctimonious waving of the banner of the First Amendment as the Court blunders across the threshold of the school". Not perhaps a completely antiseptic characterization of the issue, but an emphatic statement of the view that the public forum for the circulation of ideas is not ubiquitous.

The nature of the forum is central to Professor Tussman's thesis. Its ambit and contract in the American free speech system is, he says (rightly), "one of the wonders of the world". But it does not seem naturally. It is something which Government has to sustain. Government is a constituent element in it and to protect and keep open the forum it must engage its ingenuity and in the very last resort its armed forces.

This freedom of expression is not something that we shall have if Government leaves us alone. It is a set of privileges and immunities that have to be organized. As heralds were given personal immunity to serve their function unmolested; as judges in their courts are conceded a special liberty to speak without penalty; and as legislators are granted a wide parliamentary immunity, so a constitutional guarantee of free expression is the specific privilege of the citizen-voter in the public forum. So while some American libertarians have denounced punishment for contempt of courts and legislatures as a form of seditious libel, Professor Tussman's theory treats seditious libel as a form of contempt assailing the immunity of the citizen-voter.

The test that has to be passed by a free speech theory is whether it can account for all the justifiable restraints on speech that we are prepared to allow Government to impose. If we submit to this test the notion of a circulation of ideas in the public forum in which the only restrictions upon them relate to the time, manner and place of their expression, there seem to be some classes of speech or writing that do not fall easily within the formula.

In the first place there is commercial speech and advertising. Here the free market in ideas that liberals defend with all its defects in matters of philosophy, politics and religion is displaced by a demand for stringent government certification of truth and falsity and the punishing of offenders (possibly defamation and the protection attached to the economic value of reputation is a subcategory of this). Second, there is what Professor Tussman calls a baffling class of offences that can be thought of as verbal violations of social taboos. Blasphemy and obscenity are major examples. Some existing speech offences can perhaps be accounted for by the forum theory under the heading of "manner". Though the public forum must tolerate rougher speech than a formal debating arena it need not tolerate speech acts that are beyond a certain point crudely or violently framed so that they operate less as acts of communication than as incitements to unlawful acts or as the psychological equivalent of blows and assaults.

What the forum theory alone, however, cannot easily accommodate, or account for, is the insistence that no topic must in principle be excluded from the forum. Yet, as Professor Tussman notes, "in many societies there is a class of forbidden topics, of illegitimate questions, of matters considered as beyond discussion". They may be capitalist ideas, or revolutionary ideas or national socialist ideas or the advocacy of particular scientific, geneticc, social or foreign policies. On traditional liberal free speech theory none of them may be excluded since the silencing of any opinion whatsoever, true or false, good or bad, is ruled out. Mr Justice Holmes, though he had no ultimate belief in the Constitution as anything but a pragmatic experiment, at least believed that the meaning of the First Amendment's gamble on the market in ideas was "not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought we hate". Selective governmental intervention in the ideas market, subject to a due-process test of rationality, may work out very differently, since there are due-process balancers of the right and of the left. A liberal due-process theory of free speech seen as a governmentally sustained system of privileges might of course be deliberately designed to confer upon citizens as wide an immunity as that envisaged by Mill and Holmes. But it might not, and it is not in the end clear whether Tussman's forum would,

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To the Editor

The Imperial War Museum

Sir,—Paul Fussell in his interesting article on "the rotcalia of the trenches" (Commentary, February 3) seems to regret that the Imperial War Museum has not made up its mind as to whether war "is a calamity or a happy occasion for national self-applause".

What, if I may suggest it, Mr Fussell fails to comprehend is that war is neither entirely one nor the other since it contains all the elements of human capacity ranging from the utmost cruelty and folly to the grandest spiritual aspirations. Nor, Mr Fussell may care to know, is it the purpose of the museum to instruct people as to what attitude they should adopt towards warfare. Our purpose is to enable people to study it and to form their own conclusions. What he levies as a criticism of our exhibition policies, I gratefully accept as a compliment.

NOBLE FRANKLAND.
Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Road, London, SE1 6HZ.

The Trobriands

Sir,—In her letter of February 10, Annette Weiner claims that Marshall Sahlins and I have both got it wrong about the Trobriand father-son relationship. She points out that the Trobriand father does in fact contribute directly to the growth and development of his children. Thank you, Dr Weiner, for making this clear, but does it settle the *structural* question which is what Sahlins and I were concerned with? Why is it that, despite the complexities of maternal transmission of *dala* spirit, and paternal transmission of more tangible resources such as food, gifts and so on, we still call Trobriand kinship "matrilineal"? Is Trobriand kinship in any sense more matrilineal than patrilineal? If so, it is that fact that Sahlins and I feel sociobiology cannot explain, and I imagine Annette Weiner would be in agreement with us. If it is simply nature that the word matrilineal is appropriate in the Trobriand case, if mothers' brothers do not invest, spiritually or materially, in their sisters' sons, then Sahlins and I are indeed wrong, as is a whole generation of anthropologists.

V. REYNOLDS.
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A Blake Epigram

Sir,—In your issue of December 23 Alastair Fowler, reviewing Geoffrey Grigson's *Faber Book of Epigrams and Epitaphs*, corrects the misquotation of a Blake epigram—but does not have it quite right himself. An opportunity was thus lost for observing what a model of epigram-cum-epitaph Blake achieved with his two-line cracking (or smacking) of a verbal braid (or rope that begins as a whip and ends as a haggman's halter. The untitled poem reads:

Her whole Life is an Epigram
smack smooth & nobly pen'd
Plaited quite neat to catch applause
with a sliding noose at the end

There is only one source for this text, Blake's Notebook in the Manuscript Room of the British Library, page 100. But until recently an editorial tradition which gives "neatly" in place of "nobly" (corrected at last in my 1973 facsimile edition of the Notebook) has hidden Blake's perfection. The two lines in dark ink in the Notebook have the appearance of fair copy, with some scribal stumbling. Blake began the tenth word by writing *neo* but halted—thus avoiding anticipation of the "neat" in his second line—and mended *eu* to *ob*, completing the word as *nobly*.

Fowler corrected Grigson's reading "smart, smooth" to "smack-smooth" but with an unhappy hyphen that attaches the first word to the second and diverts us from the smack (of whip or kiss) to an image suitable in an advertisement for peanut butter. (If we must punctuate, it would serve better to add a comma, as does Sir Geoffrey Keynes: "smack, smooth.")

Both critics accept the rebuttal: "neatly pranked, plaited quite mean" without remark; both should be happy to know that Blake's self-defining epigram is nobly as well as perfectly planned (to pick up the off-stage pun of "plotted" behind "plaited"). The Epigram, the Life, begins with an aggressive impact (compare "smack upon the gluss" in Blake's *Island in the Moon*) and ends with another, at the end of the "sliding noose".

Could there be an echo of Wordsworth: "perfect woman, nobly planned" in this formula of a woman's life nobly and neatly pranked and peaned? The possibility cannot be ruled out on present evidence. In his copy of Wordsworth's Poems of 1815, Blake put an "X" against "She was a Phantom" in the contents page: so we know that he read and noticed the poem. Blake's epigram could have been written in the Notebook margin at almost any date. In my edition I guessed at an early date (since the lines are written in a space that might otherwise have been used for a Song of Experience): yet the only other poems on the page are late, an old maid's lament and a portion of "The Everlasting Gospel" of 1818 or later.

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'The Politics of the Judiciary'

Sir,—Suppose we have a society specifically hosed on social inequality as between, say, whites and Indians, and the rule of the former class over the latter. If Kenneth Minogue's imagination fails him, the Spanish empire in Latin America will serve as an example. If I follow his argument (Letters, February 17), such a society is either subject to the rule of law, in which case it cannot also be class rule, or it cannot be subject to the rule of law since "law in general . . . has an abstract and autonomous character which makes it an unsatisfactory instrument for the direct implementation of a policy".

But the Spanish colonial system did not waver in the belief that Indians as a class should be subject to non-Indians. At the same time its law enabled, say, Indian communities to win recognition by the courts for, e.g. their ownership of communal lands alienated illegally—within the limits of what legal rights they had. How much practical effect such judgments had is another question, though the Indians, who have often preserved these documents carefully, sometimes over centuries, clearly took them seriously. This should demonstrate to Minogue that it is at least possible for law to be simultaneously the expression of class rule and the guarantee of the rights of a society's members.

Those who take this realistic view that it is both, are in no sense logically obliged to align themselves, wittingly or unwittingly, with those who believe that there is no difference between acts of ruling-class power expressed through the legal system and *any* others; whether or not such people opt for terrorism—which they are clear not obliged to do by logic. On the contrary, it is Minogue's position which runs the risk of aligning its holders either with Baader-Meinhof or with its mirror-image, the belief that defence against terrorism implies the abandonment of the rule (and the rules) of law.

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'The Record of Singing'

Sir,—I must thank John Steane for his kind remarks (January 20) concerning the value of my book *The Record of Singing*, as a work of scholarship. That he finds it less satisfactory as criticism does not surprise me. He complains by turn, that I am, "inappreciative", "unsympathetic", that often my commentary arouses in me great expectations, and that he arouses the stimulation of an interchange between my reactions and his own, and so on. Although, he notes that my "declared purpose is to give information and let the records 'sing for themselves'", he seems disinclined to accept this in its face value. I thought I had made it plain, in the first paragraph of the preface, that I was trying to avoid just "the kind of picturesque prose which though suggestive explains nothing"; the sort of thing calculated to stimulate the reader's flow of adrenelin. In my opinion that is for the records to do. My aim was, so far as possible, "to establish certain aspects of technique (also of style), as matters of fact rather than taste". "No criticism can be wholly objective" and perhaps I have not been, by my means, completely successful in this, yet it does not seem to me, that in the only two factual points which he queries at any length, Mr Steane makes out much of a case when he accuses me of adopting a dogmatic tone on stylistic questions, both by misquoting me and quoting me out of context.

I did not write that Gemma Bellincioni's recording of "Ah! fuss' è lui" from Verdi's *La Traviata* (or, for that matter anyone else's recording), was "stylistically correct", nor did I imply it—indeed, in many respects, it self-evidently is not. I wrote only that "it has some interesting details" and so it has. The fact that she, like Melba, Lilli Lehmann, Sembrich and Tetrazzini, all of them from separate musical backgrounds, treat the various non-legato markings, which are such a particular feature of this piece, very differently from the liberal fashion in which they are done today, may not be conclusive evidence that this was the practice in Verdi's day but it is surely, at the least, of great stylistic significance. Or are we to believe that they were all either careless or capricious in the same way?

In discussing my defence of Marcella Sembrich's singing on her record of Schubert's "Wohin?", Mr Steane asks: "And does it really sound 'utterly spontaneous' when the rubato is so marked as to be doubly underlined?" But he quotes me out of context. I wrote: "It is the most purely vocal interpretation on records, utterly spontaneous in delivery." It is plain enough that I was referring not to the way she uses rubato but to her vocal delivery, which is at once responsive and brilliant, the vowels pure and the consonants placed in the musical tone and not, as we so often hear, interrupting it; this is what I meant, to answer another of Mr Steane's rhetorical (?) questions, by a "purely vocal" recording. As to rubato, he seems not to have understood the point I was endeavouring to make: that the use of it is "stylistically correct in music of that period"; whether the particular manner in their private letters and their unpublished manuscripts a tradition that the world depicted in *The Communist Manifesto* or the *1859 Preface* is not exactly the real world.

Max Weber adopted a different, semi-conscious strategy, recording his misgivings within the pages of his main published works. For example, his study of Indian religion concludes—in line with *The Protestant Ethic* thesis and his "Rationalization" argument—that it is the content of religious ideas, rather than material factors, that provides the ultimate explanation of the difference in social development between East and West. Yet in the bulk of that study he explains Indian religion in material, that is in economic and political, terms. And surely no one can read the posthumous *General Economic History* without being struck by Weber's recognition of his failure to come to the synthesis the work promises.

Talcott Parsons has attempted, even more than Marx, a systematic theory. Four system imperatives, four sub-systems of action, a scheme of boundary interchanges between them, and the whole cemented by commitment to core values. As every critic has noted, this places him firmly in the idealist camp. Yet, on a single page of *Societies: Evolutionary and Comparative Perspectives* (1966), he tells us with disarming candour both that "single-factor theories belong to the kindergarten stage of social science's developmental", and that he is nevertheless a "cultural determinist".

E. A. RICHARDS
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Natural Speech

Sir,—In his review of H. Eaton's *Language and Consciousness*, P. N. Johnson-Laird, the probably first to quote Frederick II, King of Sicily's experiment on orphans brought up in silence to reveal their natural language. I had thought that has to be repeated as recently as last year, performed by King James of Scotland, I of England, who took children on an island in the Firth of Forth. They died before Mr Eaton's. My source is C. H. Hinchcliffe's *Evolution of Speech*, 1975.

Has someone traced the story back, collected or scratched some of the "summers", or would that be too much of a sport?

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Jules Verne

Sir,—I am sure Peter Fox is well able to withstand a challenge—one which comes a little later—of his book on Jules Verne in *TLS* by a specialist in polynaut (January 27). Perhaps reviewers of his school, who write less about the books they review, Costello actually wrote the definitive treatise on a subject he might have written about had he been asked. This would have dealt, apparently, with Verne's science in Moscow. But Mr Costello's joke hurt. Not being a Verne specialist, he misses the ironic perspective; but then oddly, in Bunyan a musical specialist, the passage he quotes from Vanity Fair, Captain Nemo's organ-playing is quite as long as it is odd. Perhaps keys provide the tones of the diatonic scale, and as long as he played with one finger, there would be no temptations to harmonic results which well have shocked even mildly Russian.

Scarlatti.

P. W. BROOKSHAW
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Among this week's contributors

RICHARD AUSTIN's books include *Images of the Dance*, 1975, and *Birth of a Ballet*, 1976.

ANTONY BRETT-JAMES is the author of *Daily Life in Wellington's Army*, 1972.

PETER BURKE is the author of *Venice and Amsterdam*, 1974.

P. J. CROFT's *Autograph Poetry in the English Language* was published in 1973.

MARTIN DODSWORTH is the author of *The Survival of Poetry: A Contemporary Survey*, 1970.

D. J. ENRIGHT's collections of poems include *The Terrible Sheers*, 1973, and *Sod Iras*, 1975.

NORMAN HAMPSON's *The Life and Opinions of Maximilien Robespierre* was published in 1974.

ANTHONY HOBSON is the author of *Great Libraries*, 1970.

THOMAS HOOGKIN's books include *Nigerian Perspectives*, 1960, and *African Political Parties*, 1961.

MICHAEL HOLROYD is the author of *Augustus John*, 1974 and 1975.

MICHAEL MANN's *Consciousness and Action among the Western Working Class* was published in 1973.

GEOFFREY MARSHALL's books include *Police and Government*, 1965, and *Constitutional Theory*, 1971.

WILFRID MELLERS is Professor of Music at the University of York.

ADRIAN POOLE is the author of *Gissing in Context*, 1975.

ELIZABETH RAWSON's *The Spartan Tradition in English Thought* was published in 1969.

COLIN SMITHONIST is a Lecturer in French at the University of Liverpool.

J. I. M. STEWART's most recent novel, *The Madonna of the Astrolobe*, was published last year.

JULIAN SYMONS's recent books include *A Three Pipe Problem*, 1975, and *The Hungry Thirties*, 1976.

FRANK TUOHY is the author of *Yeats: a biographical study*, 1976.

STANLEY UYS is the London editor of the South African Morning Newspaper Group.

IGNA VINOGRADOFF is joint editor of the correspondence of the Emperors Alexander III and Nicholas II, 1862 and 1964.

GREGORY VLASTOS is the author of *Platonic Studies*, 1973, and *Plato's Universe*, 1975.

GEORGE WATSON's *Politics and Literature in Modern Britain* is published last year.

Manipulating the metaphors

By Michael Mann

BARRY HINDESS (Editor):
Sociological Theories of the Economy
199pp. Macmillan. £10.

ALAN HUNT (Editor):
Class and Class Structure
190pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £2.95.

If social scientists were ever to attain the power of a profession or a priesthood, they should be required by the community to sign a Hippocratic oath of which the first part would be "I freely admit that the social world is more complex than my theory". Actually the great theorists do this anyway, though in ways that are compromised by their pride, careerism and political ambitions (and a diversity of covert forms. Thus Marx and Engels reveal in their private letters and their unpublished manuscripts a realisation that the world depicted in *The Communist Manifesto* or the *1859 Preface* is not exactly the real world.

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On the assembly line

By Alasdair Clayre

GÖRAN PALM:
The Flight from Work
Translated by Patrick Smith
204pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.95.

The author of *The Flight from Work* is a poet and a widely read writer in Sweden. In this early 1970s he spent a year working in various assembly departments of L. M. Ericsson, a large Swedish telephone factory. This book is condensed (with the author's collaboration) from two books describing his experiences there and suggesting solutions for the urgent problems he sees in industrial life.

Unlike so many authors of books describing life in industry, Göran Palm leaves neither his style, his sense of humour nor his observant eye behind him; he writes of the people he worked with as individuals not as "workers". The first main point he makes is that we tend to see people in industry (or to other industries than our own) falsely, as stereotypes, but that if one works with them their variety, which is usually as wide as that of any play, always emerges. That is what his individual portraits show.

But the author does find certain things in common to most of his characters, for example a particular attitude to time while of work: looking at one's watch and wanting it to be later than it is. By contrast, he himself when he is writing always wants it to be earlier than it is. This seems to him to show the difference between work that one does purely for the sake of the money and regards as time lost from life (most mass-production work, for example) and work valued for its own sake. Some of this, he admits, is done in the factory—the work of designers, of some managers and supervisors—while even ossumbly work can be absorbing for a few, "the piecework stars" for example. But for most, it is written off from the start.

To Göran Palm's opinion, this has been getting worse, not better, over the past twenty years, since time-and-motion study was imported into Sweden from America, and since piecework payment broke up old habits of team-work and traditional speeds. The trade unions, he argues, have concentrated wholly on benefits for leisure life—on more money and shorter working hours; they have done nothing for working life itself. He thinks the employers have outmanoeuvred themselves for higher wages by speed-ups, and that there has been a further loss to working people from the poor quality (the material and the low standards of performance required in most jobs: they are encouraged not to do jobs too well, only just well enough to pass the supervisor.

The solution, he believes, is to introduce into work some of the values of family life: mutual trust, informal rotation of tasks, teams consisting of some strong and some weak members, "some idiots and some cripples" as well as some "stars"; to abolish piecework altogether; and to let group bonuses and other rewards be paid not in money but in time and enhanced responsibility. Each team could choose to take over the function of personnel departments and stores, training its own new entrants and fetching its own components (thereby gaining a knowledge of the entire process of work, something impossible in the factory he worked in). For this the team should be rewarded (by any proportions its members agreed) first with free time at work, for example for higher education, and second with a wider share in decision-making, so that step by step (but without a sudden revolution) the workers would take over the running of the entire factory. Such ideas are not new: indeed they might almost come from Proudhon and William Morris. But they have patently been thought out anew.

There is plenty to be argued with. For example, the function of ownership is not dealt with in detail; yet the potential conflict of interest between the owners of the capital equipment and the worker-controllers who would emerge from Palm's system could be formidable; it may well be that there is no middle way between capitalism and full ownership (not merely control) by workers. A valuable distinction is made between the horrors of the Fordist-all system that preceded mass production between the wars and the easier times in the early 1950s, before the speeds of work began to be increased. But before the 1930s Göran Palm seems to see a rather vague and idyllic period of craftsmen and smallholders, with some of the low "standard of living" and high "standard of life" of Medlitsranemn villages today. In Sweden, one wonders, was there really no hard labour, as taxing and as little enjoyed as mass-production today, in farming and in many other kinds of manual work before the industrial revolution?

Those two books of his from which the author has derived this one have already been bestsellers in their own country, and have also found their way into some academic and management courses. With a useful foreword by Peter Docherty, and introduction by Dorothy Wedderburn, this book may do so here too. This is social research with a human face; it deserves to be read in Britain, where many of the problems it describes are strikingly similar in their main features, though the Swedes are perhaps a few years ahead of us in their search for solutions.

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Pastoralism

Paul Hirst, on the other hand, attacks economism, concentrating on Poulantzas's theory of the "relative autonomy" of political from economic structures. His attack is on grounds of logical inconsistency in Poulantzas, but he also argues that political structures are *absolutely* autonomous, and that "classes do not have 'interests' and are not political actors". This essay recalls the attack by several American political scientists on the supposed economic determinism of writers like S. M. Lipset in the 1950s. But Hirst does not refer to those debates.

These essays, then, do not seem to advance very greatly our understanding of class. One reason lies in the deafening silence with regard to non-Marxist writings, apart from ritual sideswipes at "bourgeois sociology". Confusing empirical research with empiricism, most Marxian sociologists (unlike their contemporaries in history and economics) do not utilize the results of government censuses or sample surveys. They also tend to ignore non-Marxian theoretical work even where an overlap exists with their own interests. Let me add hastily that these points cannot be directed against John Westergaard, whose essay on the "Corporate" model not only attempts to refute it empirically on empirical grounds, but also attacks the isolation of contemporary Marxism. However, the other authors are trapped by a disregard for data which results from their evaluating Marxist theories in terms of internal consistency and consistency with Marx, while ignorance of other theory condemns them to repeat debates already heard elsewhere.

Over the past few years we have witnessed a great flowering of Marxism in this country. A British sociologist would ignore to his cost the work of Marxists like Perry Anderson, Eric Hobsbawm or Tom Nairn. None of these hold sociology posts or would label themselves sociologists. By contrast the dominant Marxist tendency within academic sociology has been Althusserian and—if these two books are representative—has rather less to say to the outsider. Scholasticism and scholasticism are peculiarly academic vices. It is sad that social scientists who claim political interests should practise them.

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HMSO BOOKS

Claire Cross's *Church and People 1450-1660*, reviewed in the *TLS* of January 20, is available as a Fontana paperback (£1.50), as well as in the Harvester hardcover edition (£8.50).

Evidence of defeat

By Frank Tuohy

SEAN O'FAOLAIN :
Selected Stories
270pp. Constable. £4.95.

In "The Faithless Wife", included in this new selection of Sean O'Faolain's stories, a French diplomat stationed in Dublin is trying to find out about Irish women. A course of novel-reading proves a vain exercise: with one exception, it provides him with, in his sense of the word, no women at all. Irish fiction, as seen through Gallic eyes, is a lot of "nineteenth-century conneric about half-savage Brueghelesque peasants, or urban *petits fonctionnaires* who invariably solved their frustrations by getting drunk on religion, patriotism or undiluted whiskey, or by taking flight to England". Such writing is compared to "Gluck at his worst . . . Bizet at his most sentimental . . . Dandet and rosewater". The diplomat's one exception is Molly Bloom: "he enjoyed the smell of every kissable pore of her voluptuous body" but "without for one moment believing she ever existed. James Joyce in drag."

In the end the diplomat finds a real-life mistress, Celia O'Sullivan, who is married to an elderly factory-owner and manages her own boutique on St Stephen's Green. On their first encounter, "she hurled her clothes to the four corners of the room, crying out, 'And about time too!'" When Celia's husband has a stroke, the diplomat takes *La Vie Parisienne* and *Playboy* to the expensive nursing home (a place where cardinals died) in order to cheer him up. "Celia deftly impounded them. 'Do you want him to die of blood pressure? Do you want the nuns to think he's an Irish queer? A fellow who prefers women to drink?'"

All this is great fun for, although O'Faolain himself has written of peasants and petits fonctionnaires, he approaches genius in his portrayal of Irish women. In half a dozen of these stories, where he allows himself enough space to escape from the professional knowingness of a story like "Two of a Kind", he brings the truth of a sexual relationship to life. "Lovers of the Lake", "Dividends" and "In the Bosom of the Country" are the calm triumphs of a writer who, having started as one whom Yeats would have called a "Cork realist", has transcended the provincialism deplored by his own French diplomat, without abandoning Ireland as his theme. After his years in the IRA, O'Faolain discovered that "the combination of an acquisitive middle class and a vigorous and uncultivated church meant that the fight—for a republic as I understood it—had ended in total defeat". The effects of this defeat are everywhere in the present collection, which covers the period since the Second World War.

In fact, one of the great qualities of O'Faolain's writing—remarkable in itself in a writer born in 1900—is its close connection with contemporary life. It is not part of his method to avoid contingent fact and place his reliance on the eternal verities—though it has been characteristic of Irish writing from Yeats to Beckett and beyond to do so. True, in the first story here, "The Silence of the Valley", there are plenty of Brueghelesque peasants holding a wake, there are mountain lads and a handsome, dark serving-girl. But against these are set the outsiders, a Scots girl who drinks, a GI bookish, a professional Celt who tries to make the peasants sing in Irish. "Haven't you the Irish the whole bloody year round?" someone says. "Leave us take a holiday from it while we can." Later stories keep close to the feeling of the times: a place of pilgrimage is desecrated by appalling architectural taste; a bird-watching Cork stockbroker drives a white Jaguar; on a pilgrimage to Lourdes, an elderly and a young priest squabble about the Pill and the novels of Edna O'Brien; a bunch of young exiles in Paris produce a new version of Joycean poverty: "I'm going to take the plane to Dublin in the morning. Who'll lend me the money?"

The earlier stories are fizzy with images, reminding one a little of the poems of MacNeice or W. R. Rodgers. Later the style grows calmer: its transparencies bring out the connection with Turgenev—O'Faolain's first novel was called *A House of Simple Folk*. But it would be wrong to think of O'Faolain as merely continuing a traditional technique. His narrative can contain complexities worthy of Nabokov. In "An Inside Outside Complex" he copes beautifully with such recent obsessions as mirror-images, role-playing and identity crises, without at all compromising the humanity of his two lovers, a middle-aged faker of antiques and the lady dressmaker he marries.

A story like "Lovers of the Lake" shows how different the major concerns of these stories are from any equivalent in America or England. The chief characters exist for themselves alone, outside class hierarchy or social group. A successful Dublin surgeon accompanies his mistress on a pilgrimage to Lough Derg and gradually becomes more and more deeply involved in the marathon ordeal of prayers and fasting. "'Done four rounds', he said so cheerfully that he maddened her. 'It's not golf, Bobby, damn you!'" In the end he completes the pilgrimage and we understand that their affair is over. But, as always with this writer, the conflict between religion and the personal life is treated with admirable even-handedness: a poor young woman, who has had six children in six years, comes out of confession saying: "God bless the poor innocent priest. I wish I knew as little about marriage as he does", and returns to her husband with renewed ardour.

I look forward to returning to this and other stories in this collection. In the meantime, we must celebrate a writer to whom old age has brought no diminution of wit, style or force of attack.

Into your oil well I'll creep

By Jonathan Raban

MAGGIE DAVIE :
The Sheik
365pp. Hart Davis, MacGibbon. £4.95.

Next to Linda Blandford's *The Oil Sheikhs* on airport bookstalls stands a raft of steamy novels with titles like *Doha*, *Abu Dhabi* and *Dubai*—the place-names alone are enough to guarantee expensive thrills beneath the covers. The novel, of course, has always thrived on money, the family, and the power of the individual; and nowhere has more money, bigger families or more mighty demonstrations of personal power than the oil states of the Gulf. From Kuwait to Oman Ibn Soameses and Bint Irenes furnish their villas in the familiar, solid, complacently ornate style of Edwardian magnificence.

Yet the current crop of fiction about Arabs is still set in the *Arabie de l'esprit* where Rudolph Valentino for ever rides at the head of a band of swarthy trihesmen. The landscape is superficially disfigured by oil wells and oil men, and the winds across the desert are heavy with the rustle of money, but essentially nothing has changed since E. M. Hull's *The Sheik* of 1921, Muggie Davis's book of the same title is a monument to the power of the lurid imagination to fly triumphantly in the face of reality.

Miss Davis's sheik is twenty-three years old and the richest man in the world. His country, Rahsmani, is a crust of sand and shale which floats on a vast pool of crude oil; the newest, least Westernized, and potentially the wealthiest member of the OPEC consortium. The Sheik is stiff with homework on the politics of the oil business: Rahsmani's tricky relations with Saudi Arabia, its uneasy dependence on its skilled and politically educated work force of Palestinian and Lebanese immigrants, are handled in the style of a Newsweek special report, so we move at the teacher's Abdullah-time. All this juggling with oil production figures and the prickly details of Middle Eastern diplomacy is, however, just as much stage business. In much the same spirit that the devil took Christ to the exceedingly high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, Miss Davis drags the unfortunate Sheik Abdullah off on a tour of the United States to show him the spoils that his riches can buy: "It came over him suddenly, a realization that after all he was who he was, with money and power in his hands and he could, if he wished, do exactly as he pleased." The brand names roll by, and every few pages, Abdullah varnishes his cane, courtesy of a string of Hollywood groupies. He buys a bank in California, backs a movie starring someone called Raquel Wales (Miss Davis belongs to that union of fiction writers which has imposed a work-to-rule on imaginative inventiun), and—in a typically idle piece of plotting—is kidnapped in New York.

Through these adventures, Abdullah is shadowed by an angel of darkness and an angel of light. The first is Ali, no Egyptian film star who has bought the American package and turned into a Hollywood lush who spends much of his time rolling drunkenly around in other people's gardens and swimming pools; the second is Nancy, a teller in Abdullah's Californian bank, who is into macrobiotics and spurns the car, the bidi and the credit balance which Abdullah tries to shower on her. Nancy is something of a heavy rapper: "Did you ever stop to think that money is probably making you a cold, turned-off person that's not ever going to be able to relate to anybody on a REAL one-to-one basis? I mean, EVER?" This speech shakes Abdullah to the very depths of his shallow being, and when he eventually returns to the Gulf, he is an older and a wiser man.

Back in Rahsmani, the Palestinians have engineered a révolution; Abdullah has to re-enter the country disguised as a Bedouin and riding a camel. Suddenly, Miss Davis's writing takes on a glow of excitement as she teaches Abdullah-time he has Real Roots: in a dirty headdress and second-hand *dishdasha*, he rediscovers the ancestral truths of the desert. Rape is his first big step forward ("Listen woman . . . do you want me to bent you? Come across and don't give me any crap"). Mass murder follows. He sacks a city, and looks on approvingly while a large housefull of rebels is burnt to death. He marries the girl he raped, and finds that during the course of his enjoyable blood-bath he has actually grown a couple of inches taller.

"Jeans, what happened?" he said. His wife stared at it too. "I think you're taller than your grandfather now", she ventured.

The happy couple then plan their future: "Let's get off to a whole new start. A plain white robe and an ordinary red and black Rahsmani *knffiyeh*, that's more my style."

The driving force of *The Sheik* is boredom. It is bored with automobiles, dinnerware, jewelry, sex, the drug scene, money, clothes—bored, above all, with the life of the city. It is perfectly conventional in its hostility to the urban, the decadent and the effete. What is interesting—and spine-chilling—about this book is the shameless way it parades its version of the alternative society as an orgy of whole food, bore feet and stalwart marriage. It was, however, ungenerous of Miss Davis to pick on the Gulf Arabs as the actors in her drama. Charles Manson would have been a more likely hero.

The hero of Simon Brett's new novel, *An Amateur Corpse* (192pp. Gollancz. £3.95), is again the engaging Charles Paris, a middle-aged, down-at-heel actor. Here he sets out to clear his best friend Hugo, creative director of an advertising agency, from the charge of murder, after Hugo's beautiful young wife has been found strangled in the cool-hole of their house. Though the plot revolves round a device which dates back to the days of 221b Baker Street, this is a neat and amusing story, in which Simon Brett makes full use of the opportunities for creative bitchiness offered by greenroom and advertising agency dialogue.

Virgil reborn

By John Lahr

SCOTT SPENCER :
Preservation Hall
273pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.

"If anything as lofty as philosophy can be ascribed to a twelve-year-old, mine was that the man who stands next to the man who is struck by lightning also gets burned." I wanted a life of my own." So Virgil Morgan, the narrator of Scott Spencer's superb second novel *Preservation Hall*, establishes the distance between himself and his father that has continued into adult life. Earl Morgan epitomizes the gaudy, frustrated, doomed life that his son has set out to avoid. The son sees himself as living in a sustained state of grace which he calls luck. Mr Spencer sees himself the difficult task of creating both a sense of the charmed life and its weird but inevitable breakdown. He manages this with such narrative poise and verbal grace that it makes the reader feel like cheering the disciplined generosity of his talent as the book reaches its finale.

Where his father struggles alone as an unsuccessful composer and supports his experiments by teaching in the New York City school system, Virgil has a well-paid, cushy job as well as a beautiful and adoring wife. Virgil's life seems to him a wonder: too perfect to question. "The general foolishness and cruelty of the times seemed to be passing over us, the way a tornado inexpectedly spares one house after demolishing all of the others." The scene after sex, Mr Spencer evokes Virgil's edgy appreciation of the different luxuries that surround his life. The smell of food, the wonder of good sex, the blessings of comfortable surroundings are rendered warmly and exactly. Virgil, of course, fears the breaking of the spell; and the closer Earl comes in his life, the more he feels it infected with an old, familiar chaos. Earl remembers: and his stepson, Tommy, one of those crazy renegades of the 1960s who has dropped out of the fray to do time in prison and to the Inn from the New York for fanning the airways with propaganda for prison reform comes into Virgil's life.

Spencer does not sush the frontalism, but manages to draw the forces of chaos and harmony together when Tommy his girlfriend seek refuge in Virgil's recently acquired retreat, an old house in an inaccessible part of Maine. It is here that Virgil's life undergoes a sudden change. The house starts gradually to go to pieces: first the windows shatter, then the doors goes, then the lights, then the furniture and then their sex. Finally, as Tom and Virgil are smashing a pine dresser for firewood, the iron poker Virgil is swinging accidently clubs Earl to his death.

The narrative follows through his determination to face the consequences of what he has wrought. His marriage breaks; he gives up his job; and in the aftermath of everything that has been fragile world together, he learns what he values in himself and others. Mr Spencer never does this with anger or his readers feeling both with his generosity and his humorous insight. When Virgil tells his father have a kind of reconciliation, the scene is shocking. Virgil has come to his father at school and for the first time listened with pleasure to one of Earl's compositions. "'Do you see something?' Earl asks him; then picks up a book and heaves it into the children's audience. "'That's how I feel sometimes it's also a bit of advice.' The moment is brilliant. You have to fight for what you want, it seems to be saying; and the chance has its cost.

Virgil emerges from his fighting with a strong sense of his own freedom. He wants to shape his life and shape it: one simple suggestiontaking along with it several calls with him prepared to establish a relationship with his wife: "I knew that whatever would eventually come to be of myself, finding my way back to her, to us, was real. It mattered but dignified final note.

Dying fall

By John Sturrock

JULIEN GREEN:
Le mauvais lieu
295pp. Paris: Plon. 45fr.

It is autumn in *Le mauvais lieu*, a sapless, patrimonial season chosen so as to match the withered souls of Julien Green's characters. These abject souls—and they are souls, this is a religious novel—have their habits, and not much besides. They are either too scared or too enslaved by the flesh ever to have known a summer, and now they see all but lost. They would rather be safe than saved by some painful and final abdication of their egotism. Green gives them a last chance: the thirteen-year-old Louise, a perfect, almost mute innocent kept more or less captive in the house of her aunt and guardian Gertrude. Gertrude is forty and a widow, and pathetically repressed because her dead husband did not care for sex; thus the obscene innuendoes muttered to her by a workman in the street like prude torte in this small but revolutionary role in this thoroughly bourgeois story, as the voice of the submerged Id make her both frightened and bitter. Her reaction is to watch even more fanatically over the security of her niece. For the pubescent Louise is without inhibitions of her own to protect her: she actually stands naked in front of the mirror and admires her body; and where Gertrude is only happy indoors, receiving the guests at her weekly at-homes, Louise is always looking to go out, to run the risks of a full experience of the world. "I don't shut her up enough", is Gertrude's monstrous conclusion.

But then she is abruptly ruined and forced to sell Louise to the warped and masterful brother Gustave, in exchange for the conspicuous oriental carpets, and luscious petits fours—that he alone can buy for her. Gustave is made companion by money to Louise for he compulsively lures girls, mainly minors, the girls into a private school in the country to be kept virgin against the day when he decides to send for them. The diabolical Gustave is also, however, because in the end he abounds silently and intact, the spotless snow, in a marvellous metaphor.

By then she has been the victim in Green's terribly fallen world much unhappiness and two sins. All those who have been near to her, whether Lindy or aunt Freud? he might have asked); while at the same time current literature on children's play either sets them uncalled very blandly when play goes wrong. Some of them are redistributed after life among the novel's survivors; others does not save them. Gertrude marries, mechanically, her last nominee, and now clings secretly to the past that she pretends Louise is still living with her in the house.

Le mauvais lieu is a fierce, unhappy novel, in that uncompromising Catholic tradition to which Green belongs. He has no illusions for loveless believers like Gertrude and Gustave. His best particularized urban world is far gone in corruption to set such visions of a fighter, since the did world as Louise. She is a Jansenist on the realism of the art to put with the desperate, solitary words and gestures which are said again make a mockery of characters' self-control and exercise on unpleasant, because unpercieved violence. Short, emphatic a book, but then Green is seventy-seven and deserves that his pessimism about the way we now live should be well known; but it is also a good novel, book to take the mind back to memorable quiet yet unsparing novels he wrote when he was younger, *Le Epaves*, *Léviathan* and the great *Mille Chemins Marchent*.

Truly leaping

By Rosemary Dinnage

ERIK H. ERIKSON :
Toys and Reasons
133pp. Marion Boyars. £5.95.

Toys and Reasons is difficult, constantly surprising, a short book—based on a series of lectures—demanding from its readers an little patience, humility, and application. These are needed, too, not from the first page but from the title itself: to realize that it was chosen both playfully and reasonably we have to remember our Blake.

The Child's Toys and the Old Man's Reasons
Are the Fruits of the Two Seasons.

Erik Erikson's ambitious aim is to link my and reason: to show the importance of, and the connection between, play of the most archaic kind—the baby's first interchanges with his mother—and twelve all the intervening steps) the sophisticated games that are played in "theatres" of war, courts of law, and political arenas. He shows how at every point in the long progression from infancy to adult social organization, the imagination from which playfulness springs can produce both creative illusion and destructive delusion; it is responsible for lies as well as poems, "games people play" as well as games, "final solutions" to political situations as well as to chess problems.

Erikson, if we bear with him, enables us to glimpse the remote connection between the sense of estrangement and delusion in the neglected infant and in the lost, frantic boys who gunned down women and children at My Lai. His theme is "the life-and-death importance of human make-believe"; and he expounds it elliptically, idiosyncratically, with detours through Einstein's "construction" of relativity, an analytic patient's one-word dream, the perspective of a Flemish "Annunciation", a boy's game with bricks. He writes in a style far removed from psychoanalytic jargon, throwing off elegant phrases ("sublimation—tamed eagerness", "a universe without a supreme counterplayer", "an unbearable prejudice against the self"), and yet so condensed that we have to work hard (or perhaps play exuberantly) to follow the turns of his argument.

Erikson begins and ends—appropriately for one who loves decorum and ritual—with Plato. Plato's formulation of playfulness—the need of young creatures, animal or human, to leap—Erikson sees as its briefest and best definition. "To truly leap, you must learn to use the ground as a springboard, and how to land relatively safe and sound, to test the leeway allowed by given limits; to outdo and yet not escape gravity"; or to leap into make-believe, to outdo and yet not escape fact. This most precious ability, he notes, has always aroused a certain ambivalence: adults incline to treat play with contempt, assign it to a corner well away from real life (and who more than Freud? he might have asked); while at the same time current literature on children's play either plays uncalled very blandly when play goes wrong. Some of them are redistributed after life among the novel's survivors; others does not save them. Gertrude marries, mechanically, her last nominee, and now clings secretly to the past that she pretends Louise is still living with her in the house.

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Opening the cupboard

MARY MacCRACKEN :
Lovey
A Child Reclaimed
189pp. André Deutsch. £3.95.

Lovey tells how one gifted American teacher was able to break through the defences of a child who was so emotionally damaged that she would not communicate with others at all. Not only would eight-year-old Hannah not speak to anyone but she would not eat with others, sit with others or even take off her clothes at night voluntarily.

Although Mary MacCracken worked almost from moment to moment, responding to each phase and reaction of her pupils, it is clear that she offered them a very secure, structured environment. The same routine was followed every day and it was the daily ritual of a session she devised called "Bad and Worst" which eventually tempted Hannah, who spent her first two weeks inside a cupboard, to participate. In "Bad and Worst" the teacher asked the children to report on the best thing and the worst thing that had happened to them since the day before, and they used a family of dolls to illustrate their words with actions.

In ordinary schools young children often have similar "news" sessions but "news" was too general a theme for these children, for whom it was necessary "to turn up the volume and intensity of communication". Hannah's first voluntary response to anything that happened in the classroom was to push the boy doll—her brother?—under a pile of bricks. The one shortcoming of this otherwise admirably detailed book is that we are not told more about Hannah's family and what therapeutic work, if any, was also done with them.

There is sentimentality in the way Mary MacCracken tells her story: words like love and joy abound, but how could they not? It is unlikely that she could have established the bond with Hannah that enabled the child to emerge from her fear and self-absorption if as a teacher she had not used the strong feelings they both had, and it is appropriate that she evokes these feelings in her book. The account has an unexpected twist at the end. For front being congratulated for her triumph with Hannah, she was asked to resign because she had no professional teaching qualifications. Luckily for other deprived children she went off and got the necessary credits.

Sarah Curtis

FEBRUARY BOOKS FROM YALE

Language and Insight
The Sigmund Freud Lectures of University College, London
Roy Schafer
In his previous book, *A New Language for Psychoanalysis* Schafer used ideas from contemporary philosophy to propose a new way in which to speak, psychoanalytically about human behaviour. In *Language and Insight* he applies these ideas to fundamental questions in the theory, method, and principles of psychoanalysis. £9.00

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Hans W. Loewald
This graceful book adds a new dimension of understanding to some crucial aspects of life—particularly morality, love, and religious experience. The author stresses that the individual not only has a past, but creates his own ever-changing history in the activities of his conscious and unconscious thought processes. £5.75

Heidegger and Modern Philosophy
Edited by Michael Murray
This set of essays brings together commentators from all sectors of the philosophical community to make Heidegger's thought more accessible to readers outside his tradition. £14.00 cloth, £5.00 paper.

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Lloyd G. Reynolds
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YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven & London
20 Bloomsbury Square, London, WC1

The coming generation

By Norman Hampson

CLAUDE MANCERON :
The Men of Liberty
Europe on the Eve of the French Revolution 1774-1778
Translated by Patricia Wolf
650pp. Eyre Methuen. £7.95.

This is a book about which there are likely to be two opinions. Claude Manceron set out to explore the era of the French Revolution by means of collective biography. In a series of five (now extended to eight) volumes he proposes to follow the careers of a wide-ranging sample of rulers, statesmen, writers and revolutionaries from 1774 onwards. Each of the three volumes that have appeared so far covers a period of three or four years and consists of fifty to a hundred extracts, each centred round the life of one of his characters at that particular time. As the work progresses the extracts become fewer and longer and the perspective more European.

This translation of his first volume begins around the time of the accession of Louis XVI in 1774 and concludes with the death of Voltaire and Rousseau four years later. Pride of place goes to La Fayette (eleven entries), Mirabeau (nine) and Beaumarchais (six) but a good many of the future revolutionaries make a brief appearance as well: Brissot, the Rolands, Danton, Robespierre, Marat and d'Eglantine.

The principle of selection refers rather more to the future than to the present, so that much of the material deals with the picturesque personal adventures of those who were still very obscure young men as Manceron introduces his cast of future celebrities.

It is impossible not to have reservations about the way in which he tackles his formidable enterprise. His tone is often cynical and almost overtly condescending: this is not how his people saw themselves but how "the historian" sees through them. This runs counter to the impression of being present as events unfold that he tries to create by his racy journalistic style, with its insistent use of the present tense. Manceron is also knowing in the sense that he is privy to the thoughts as well as the actions of his people: Muret "felt a tremor not unlike an electric current deep inside him". Perhaps Marat did think of it that way, since he considered himself an expert on electricity, but the technique is that of the journalist rather than the historian.

More seriously, Manceron takes his evidence from a mixture of contemporary sources of varying reliability, subsequent reminiscences and self-justifications. He puts it all together, makes his own synthesis—generally a very sensible one—and presents the result as fact. There is no hesitating over interpretations, no discussion of the limitations of the evidence and no admission that much of what he writes is intelligent speculation. Some of it is probably wrong and despite the bluff assurance that this is how things actually were, the people concerned often saw them somewhat differently. He is liable to mislead in specific instances and in another sense he misleads all the time by conveying the impression that all the problems have been solved.

To offset these limitations, Manceron's book has much to offer. It is eminently readable and it presents people as people rather than as personified ideologies or the results of psychological parallelograms of forces. He has worked as hard at his sources as a PhD student, he gives his references, and his bibliographical notes are full of useful and often out-of-the-way information. If his work is aimed primarily at the intelligent general public rather than at the specialist historian, it is very far removed from the kind of sloppy mess so often considered an appropriate diet for the much-maligned "general reader". The professional historian gets an unfamiliar view of events that he is accustomed to considering in a very different way. In this sense, Manceron is one of the minority of historical writers who give a new look to a whole period and, however this may need to be scrutinized and modified, his achievement is an a grander and more stimulating scale than that of the rectifiers of this and that, and perhaps no more misleading than that of academic historians whose more scholarly apparatus so often serves to "prove" the assumptions with which they started.

Despite the novelty of his book's construction, Manceron's approach to the writing of history is essentially old-fashioned: biographical narrative from the pen of an ancient interpreter and judge. There is a good deal to be said for it, if history is to remain relevant to the self-consciousness of the community at large and not to be merely a jousting-ground for the professionals. At least where the French Revolution is concerned, many of the questions that the intelligent general reader is likely to raise simply cannot be answered with confidence, and he is unlikely to turn to Dr X's examination of why the state of the evidence leaves the answer in doubt. He will find Manceron more to his taste, and if Manceron gives him a false impression of what can be known for sure, he at least offers an informed and sensible guess at the way things could have happened, and makes it all sound interesting. His sloppy and slick prose must have persuaded Patricia Wolf with a good many problems. Despite all her efforts—and she has done a very good job—it loses a certain amount of its easy informality in translation.

The clerical proletariat

By Igor Vinogradoff

GREGORY L. FREEZE :
The Russian Levites
Parish Clergy in the Eighteenth Century
325pp. Harvard University Press. £10.50.

In *The Russian Levites*, a most impressive piece of research, Gregory L. Freeze has done much more than explore the massive printed sources cited in his bibliography; he has spent two years searching the archives of the Holy Synod and much kindred material in the great repositories of Moscow and Leningrad. If his conclusions are depressing, they provide a most valuable annotated guide and framework in his subject, and scholars will long be in his debt. Not that Professor Freeze adds a great deal that is new, but he strengthens and drives home his points with a superabundance of reference and illustration that has surely never been surpassed.

The story is bleak enough. The Russian clergy, both monastic and secular, had flourished in the seventeenth century. With some striking exceptions in the cities, the Russian parish clergy in the eighteenth century were pauperized, segregated and regimented from above, while continuing to draw their livelihoods and their attitudes from their parishioners, from whom strict class divisions cut them off below. They were thus in a continual dilemma between the Holy Synod and the landlords or communities on whom they depended for the fees (called gifts) on which they lived. They might be penalized for neglecting to reveal the secrets of confession where the safety of the state was thought to be involved; they might be driven by peasant rebellions like that of the appalling Pugachev in 1773-75 to say prayers for an impostor claiming to be the Emperor Peter III. Their seminary education was often good of its kind, especially in its higher classes towards the end of the century, but it turned them into "Levites" or "Philosophers", another order of the barriers that separated them from ordinary men.

As if the picture were not gloomy enough already, clerks in minor orders (whom Professor Freeze persists in calling "churchmen"—a misleading literal rendering of the Russian word, *tserkovniki*), though forming part of the largely hereditary clerical estate, were not fully protected from conscription like priests and deacons, and collected from one third to one quarter of the incomes, in fees, received by their superiors. They came to form a growing clerical proletariat—often bitterly at odds with the fully ordained clergy, who were separated from them by a wide gulf that divides mere poverty from virtual destitution. Professor Freeze has absorbed and arranged an enormous mass of evidence, drawn from the central archives of old Muscovy only, to fill out the general pattern: conditions in the Ukraine and the outlying provinces differed in many ways. It is hard to fault his main contentions so far as the organization and social condition of the parish clergy are concerned.

As he himself points out, some of the urban clergy, especially in the capitals, stood outside and above the great grey masses of their fellows in the country. It is hardly surprising that Catherine II's confessor became very rich; cathedral clergy often became well-to-do. From whatever income level they came, it was the highly educated clerks who had finished the upper classes in the seminaries who stood above the average and begat the Speranskys, the Dobroliubovs and Klyuchevskys—the great humanists, and revolutionary rattlesnakes and men of learning of the nineteenth century and later on.

Here we come to the inherent limitation of Professor Freeze's subject as he treats it. He is concerned with organization only. He has analysed the material aspects of an unhappy period in masterly fashion. He passes over and seems in places to deny the spiritual content that lay behind. Though many of these humiliated men became in the eyes of their flocks simple purveyors of customary rituals and sacraments for cash, the exceptions were ever present. Orthodox Russia produced some authentic saints in the eighteenth century and one of them was the son of a destitute sacristans—Tikhon of Zadonsk.

A great liturgy and a great traditional creed were not exclusively preserved by bishops and monks and anchorites; they were kept alive by humble parish priests. The priests in Leskov's Cathedral Clergy and Chekhov's clerical stories could not have lived into modern times without such forebears. That the system was often counter-productive and reared dedicated revolutionaries does not affect the point.

Secular historians from Zoamensky and Milyukov to Professor Freeze have had little good to say about the Russian eighteenth-century parish clergy. They have piled up a mass of damaging evidence about them; it is their crimes and misdemeanours that have found immortality in the archives. The great traditions of which these men were bearers have survived and live on to this day.

On the Spanish front

By Anthony Brett-James

JAN READ :
War in the Peninsula
256pp. Fabec. £6.95.

In this excellent reassessment Jan Read concentrates on the Peninsular War as being fought for the independence of Spain and Portugal instead of as a series of battles between the British and the French, with occasional mention of the activities of the Spanish armies and of the guerrilla bands. His aim is to focus "on the larger issues beyond the manoeuvring of armies and the winning of battles and on the stirrings of self-respect in an outpost of Europe that had sunk so low under its absolutist Bourbon rulers".

Mr Read, who has written about the Moors and the wines of Spain and Portugal, succeeds in this aim. He understands the Peninsula of the period, especially Spain, and provides a vivid picture of the country, its court, its army and its people. He relates an episode, describes a battle or siege, and paints a portrait with admirable clarity and economy.

Rightly he emphasizes Napoleon's refusal to appreciate the problems of supply and communication; his refusal to check the divisions of command and personal rivalries; and his mania for directing operations from afar. Mr Read, who ranges from King Joseph's relations with his marshals to the pressures on Wellington of public opinion both at home and in the Peninsula, can be justifiably critical of all sides in turn. While he seeks to counter the tendency among most British writers to belittle what the Spanish troops achieved, he is clearsighted about the reasons for their frequent failures. Though using limited sources, he gives proper coverage to the role of the guerrillas, who would have been helpless without the support of the countryfolk on the one hand and of the decisive efforts of Wellington's army on the other.

The author is particularly interesting when he deals with the politics of the decade prior to the French invasion, with the pro-war role of King Ferdinand VII, with the painful search for a new constitution, and with the vain efforts of King Joseph and his *afrancesado* followers to impose an alien regime, however enlightened, on a fiercely proud and patriotic people. Always good at seeing the implications of events, Mr Read argues that the Peninsular War, by demonstrating the military and political impotence of Spain and Portugal, led the colonists of Latin America to a final rupture and complete liberation.

There are a few errors of fact and some omissions from the map and bibliography, but these are very minor shortcomings in a work which is written well and sometimes with distinction, which is skilfully balanced between political and military considerations, and manages to see events from the viewpoint of all the nations involved. In short, Mr Read's book has many claims to be considered the best one-volume account of the perennially fascinating Peninsular War.

Their dogeships

By Peter Burke

JOHN JULIUS NORWICH :
Venice : The Rise to Empire
440pp. Allen Lane. £7.50.

How pleasant it would be to visit Venice in the company of John Julius Norwich. His enthusiasm is infectious, he tells a good anecdote, he has a strong sense of place and a keen eye for detail. All these virtues are seen to advantage in his guided tour of Venetian history to the year 1405—there is to be another instalment, which will take us to the end of the Republic in 1797. Add the author's gift for fluent narrative, and the thirty admirably chosen illustrations, and the result is a book which is undeniably attractive, if not the single book I would recommend most strongly to a visitor to Venice in search of its history.

Viscount Norwich has chosen to concentrate on the story of political and military events from 421, the traditional date for the foundation of the city, to 1405, when the Venetian government executed the Carraras, father and son, and took over Vicenza and Verona, making themselves a power to be reckoned with on the Italian mainland. Like a motor-boat on the lagoon, the narrative moves fast but goes along its chosen route.

If anything it moves a little too smoothly, since conflicts (of course between Venetians or between factions of Venice) tend to be ironed out, but it is difficult to do otherwise in a work of this scale; passengers can always tell when they are by glancing at the dials on the top of the left-hand page. In any case we pass all the well-known landmarks, including the legend of the miraculous endowment of the body of St Mark for the time for the consecration of the new basilica in 1094, or the arrival of the Polos returning to Venice from Cathay in their clothes which they suddenly decide upon to allow heaps of jewels to tumble on to the floor. It can be added that these stories are presented as anything other than the legends they are.

Time after time, Viscount Norwich skilfully links the story of events to their traces in the present, buildings or tablets or architectural monuments; he even knows how to tell the reader about what is there, the "humble group of houses of wood and plaster" on the Riva, destroyed in 1948 to make way for a hideous modern hotel, or the "grave of sailors" near the Campanile in Piazza San Marco where horses were tethered in the days when riding was still permitted.

He describes the personalities of the leading doges, admitting that many of them are, in their strokes, the best of portrait-sketches is surely that of Enrico Dandolo, that courageous, unscrupulous, partly blind old man responsible for the "shameful glory" of the Fourth Crusade and the sack of Constantinople in 1204.

Equally skilful is the way in which the author fits his narrative brief digressions on the major changes in the organization of the medieval republic: the division of the city into districts (the famous *sestieri*), the gradual split in the twelfth century between the dignified and efficient parts of the Venetian constitution.

However, he never allows readers to escape from the narrative framework for very long; they may well find this framework constricting, especially if their interests lie outside the fields of war and politics. There is almost little cultural history to be found within the pages of this book, despite the fascination of the unique medieval Venetian blend of East and West. Byzantium is only and as enemy gets its due, but Byzantium as model or cultural mentor does not.

There is little social history to be found here either, despite passing references to attempts to control the use of child labour or to the huge disposal by the usual method, namely, letting piglets loose in the streets. Yet the non-specialist reader surely needs some sense of the social basis of political events, if only to make sense of the sequence of political events. It also seems odd to omit a book as important as Giorgio Cracco's *Società e stato nel medioevo veneziano* from the bibliography, whether one agrees with its conclusions or not.

Equally little space is allowed to economic history. Troops need and senators walk in state through these pages, but we only catch the occasional glimpse of merchants and merchant seamen and the many kinds of craftsmen who were active in Venice, from glass-blowers to ship's carpenters. The reader learns little about the role played in the Venetian economy by salt, sugar, spices, wine, alum and soap, though without these commodities there would have been no Venice.

As a general introduction to Venetian history, Frederic Lane's *Venice: a Maritime Republic*, published in 1973, remains unsurpassed, the work of an economic historian but a book which devotes very much more space to political events than Viscount Norwich does to the economy, and which, in addition, reflects a lifetime's familiarity with the sources of Venetian history.

Of course there is room for more than one introduction to Venetian history, but it is to be hoped that in his second volume Viscount Norwich will devote rather more of his space to economic, social and cultural developments.

Home truths for the intelligentsia

By George Watson

DIANA TRILLING :
We Must March My Darlings
315pp. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. £6.50.

"You see", Lionel Trilling is said to have once remarked with justified pride to a colleague, "I have power"—a remark that was no exaggeration. His widow has now collected her polemical essays on the 1960s, and proves herself a powerful personality in her own right, and one who knows from experience what the power of a critic can be. "Men quarrel about opinion here", she remarks, quoting James Fenimore Cooper on the United States, "because opinion rules. It is but one mode of struggling for power." In the open societies of the West, opinion rules, and there are hardly moments when a critic can form it.

Mrs Trilling brings her polemic to bear on more than one aspect of the 1960s, which with knowing ambiguity she calls a critical decade. On the one hand, the hippies in that era rejoiced in abuse and deflate its own institutions, in a sudden loss of faith the historian still has to explain; and the years showed a critical—in the sense of derisive—turning-point in attitudes to sex and war. Many Americans abandoned their ancestral moral puritanism and their belief in the omnipotence of the United States at much the same time. Mrs Trilling deals pessimistically with all this: rueful, as old D. H. Lawrentians now are after the sexual revolution, at the thought that it may have killed the fun in killing off the furtiveness; alarmed at the tolerance for drugs and drug-trafficking that the film *Easy Rider* implies; and sceptical of American involvement in the Vietnam war for reasons too remote from those of the demonstrators to let her march with anybody. (The title of the book, a quotation from Walt Whitman, is about a march of children.) But the heart of the book is a critique of the intelligentsia, and above all of the left intelligentsia of the great eastern cities of the United States such as New York, where she lives, and Boston-Cambridge, where she spent a period of weeks in 1971 as a nostalgic return to Harvard. That intelligentsia had it pretty good in the 1960s, when it made the headlines and persuaded itself it won making history too. Mrs Trilling is determined it should not have it so good again; not, that is, unless it is ready to listen and learn. She is the apostle of home truths for facile radicals.

What is her intelligentsia like? Mrs Trilling, like many of our most trenchant anti-socialists, is a founder-member of the order she attacks. She enlisted in it in the 1930s, and was the wife of its finest literary analyst; and she misses nothing in her diagnosis of the easy-riding leftist who lives high and fat by abusing modern materialism, though she occasionally and understandably takes for obvious things a European may need to have explained. She assumes, for example, that intellectuals are people who have been to universities, and in a tribute to President Kennedy written a year after his assassination she commends him for having "closed the gap" between academe and federal politics, and better than Roosevelt—just by being the person he was, as she exclaims approvingly, and looking the person he looked. She makes no bones about "the importance I assign, the special importance" of the university teacher. That is not just because she married one. It is a fact of her land and generation, where university sides suddenly came in common acceptance to monopolize intellect, and even the pretension of intellect, and in a way that non-university men like Disraeli or Churchill (or, for that matter, most American Presidents until recently) would not have understood. She can even amuse herself at the thought of her own profound need for academic certification, and in the unlikeliest places. "Who or what had authorized this particular conglomerate . . . ?" she wants self-mockingly to ask of Dr Leary watching him preach the virtues of drug-taking, even to children, before a large audience; and Dr Leary and his colleagues, to make it all worse, had once been university teachers themselves.

Again, her intellectual is distinguished by an ability to agonize and a readiness to complain: indeed a foreign visitor to New York, as he eavesdrops in restaurants or on Fifth-Avenue buses, or gratefully accepts the abundant hospitality of its native sons, may sometimes wonder whether that city knows any species of conversation or any kind of utterance but this. If Mrs Trilling had lived in the late Middle Ages, any one of her essays would have qualified for the title of a "jeremiad", and she aptly remarks of the start that America is a nation of Ancient Mariners, not all of whom are either ancient or marine. True enough, she might better have said New York City: it is a confusion. New Yorkers often make. But the agony-fashion has by now spread to the other coast and back again. I remember seeing a young black working in a San Francisco bookshop who wore a badge with the simple device "I care". To care is to establish a claim to superior sensibility. And how establish that claim, if not even believe in it yourself, unless you confide at length in your colleagues, your neighbours, the world?

The American intelligentsia, what is more, feels itself to be different from the nation that shelters it. Of that difference the self-admiring world of Harvard that Mrs Trilling describes through interviews and diaries is the perfect exemplar. To be at Harvard, or to have been there, is always all to be different from other Americans, in one's own estimation. Never mind that a Harvard student, living in the sad, lonely and almost sexless intimacy of a mixed-sex hostel, can entertain aspirations as gross as any peasant's, like the girl she quotes who confidently believed that the Spanish Civil War woe the fault of the United States. (Twenty years ago, when I was there, an unofficial poll had revealed that most Radcliffe girls did not know whether Greeks or Trojans had won the Trojan War, the name of which is admittedly confusing.) The stamp of the degree, the authorized certification, matters there in a way it does not matter in British life. To understand why, one would have to look back into the recent past, when excluded minorities of Catholics, Jews and blacks broke their way into the grand and exclusive academies of the East Coast, first as students and then (Lionel Trilling himself a notable pioneer at Columbia) as teachers, with all the zeal of rampaging armies.

And then again, Mrs Trilling's intelligentsia is Europe-facing. Mrs Trilling, who fell in love with Oxford on the first of her husband's several sojourns there, is an anglophile in love — a love late learnt—with ceremony, with change embedded by a tradition of social courtesy and order, and with the sort of sexual literature exemplified by Nigel Nicolson's portrait of his parents' marriage. Ingeniously, she attributes British intellectual resistance to Freud's normalizing dogmatisms to our superior tolerance of bisexality. Like her late husband, she has moved over nearly half a century from Marx through Freud to the quiet, benevolent communism where does differ in opinion but do not shout or bicker. All that puts the English reader on his mettle: it is a book to try to live up to.

It is also a book about the left. Since Mrs Trilling naturally uses the word "liberal" in a New York way, the confusion this easily engenders needs to be cleared up, once and for all. Our two nations are no longer divided by a common language, and it is doubtful if there is any other word than this in common usage, outside certain objects of domestic use, that still causes genuine misunderstanding. I do not believe that either Trilling was ever a liberal as a British reader would understand the term, and since Lionel Trilling's finest collection, *The Liberal Imagination* (1950), has preserved the confusion on our bookshelves, it grows almost too late to take stock of the difficulty. The best, though still imperfect, British translation of American "liberal" is perhaps "left-wing". For Americans of a certain age, the word first conjures up the broad New Deal coalition of the 1930s and after, which Kennedy and Carter have since revived in a new guise.

The term permits, and in some circles requires, a tolerance of communism, an attitude which Mrs Trilling is justly severe. "I can't remember if he was a member of the Communist Party or not", I recall an American remarking some twenty years ago of a colleague, "but anyway he was very liberal." That sentence measures an enormous and gaping difference in use. The confusion perpetuates itself the more easily because the American term can include real liberals, such as President Kennedy and President Carter; and Mrs Trilling, in a fine flourish against Robert Lowell and his publicity-hunting in the big anti-war demo in Washington in 1967, half-confidently imagines herself a liberal in the European sense, slipping into Heaven under the cross-questioning of Diderot and John Stuart Mill, who will let her in (she argues whimsically) because she loved truth and looked beneath the appearances of things. "And surely it is not impossible that I'll get by."

I think she will, if Mill and Diderot have any clout at all with the Heavenly Father. But the gap in usage still matters. The Trillings, to put it grossly, were Marxists who turned conservatives, who moved by way of Freud and D. H. Lawrence towards a love of civilized order in the Acroklian style. In the end the hallmark became civility. By 1950 both had come to think it the highest social good, if widely interpreted, and Mrs Trilling in her new collection is fond of quoting her adversaries for insensitive conduct to others and for plain bad manners. It is not on record that they ever thought individual liberty the highest good, though like many intellectual socialists and conservatives they have prized it not a little. That is why, when Mrs Trilling attacks Lillian Hellman's aid and comfort to Stalin over many years, in what she rightly calls a "very long footnote", and speaks up for "liberal anti-Communism", the epithet needs to be seen in at least a mildly conservative sense.

In America, far more than in Britain, it is a slippery and make-what-you-want-of-it sort of word. Intellectual American liberals have long exemplified communism, as she complains in "On the Steps of Law Library", from anything like searching criticism. That is not a charge that British liberalism has to answer.

What the West urgently needs, as Mrs Trilling rightly and momentously insists, is a responsible intelligentsia; "a working liberal intellectual class, and that merely a lobby for moral self-certification". The heartland of her case is here, and it is humorously decked out with some unforgettable vignettes: Lillian Hellman touring with the Red Army, Norman Mailer jostling for the limelight and television time with Dwight Macdonald and Robert Lowell during an anti-war rally, and Columbia militants in 1968 shouting at an elderly couple to go home and die. In the heated rhetoric that such incidents arouse, Mrs Trilling can be too far on one side to take stock of the difficulty. The best, though still imperfect, British translation of American "liberal" is perhaps "left-wing". For Americans of a certain age, the word first conjures up the broad New Deal coalition of the 1930s and after, which Kennedy and Carter have since revived in a new guise.

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Adagio

When slowness arrives, let us avert
the flash of recognition, and put from our minds
the thought of anything except
slowness, that arrives so
as to manifest
itself

(as of course it has to), intact and total,
spacious and complete : calling calmly for
years and immense lands to
be complete : then
we may most be
ourselves

because slowness has arrived, capacious
with unhurry. The enlarged kingdom of the gradual.
Light's own sunless
sunrise : see, flashed, so,
miraculously, into
slowness.

John Holloway

January and February New Books

CAVALLI
Jane Glover
£8.50
The famous authority on Cavalli has written this pioneer study of the life, operas and sacred music of this outstanding seventeenth-century composer. Dr Jane Glover lectures on musical Oxford.

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THE ART OF WARFARE IN THE AGE OF NAPOLEON
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Souls with strings

By Wilfrid Mellers

TOM and MARY ANNE EVANS :
Guitars
Music, History, Construction and Players : From the Renaissance to Rock.
480pp including over 600 photographs. Paddington Press. £10.95.

The guitar is by far the most popular instrument in the world : more than a million Japanese today play classical guitar, and heaven knows how many million pluck or strum the instrument in its amplified or electronic variants. If the clever Japanese, seismographically sensitive to whatever winds are blowing, take up an instrument so ubiquitously, one may hazard that it must fulfil needs both complex and deep-rooted. Certainly its appeal works on many levels : at one extreme it is an easy instrument which its owner may carry around, intermittently extracting from it tolerably pleasing sonorities ; at the other extreme it is a very difficult and "serious" instrument. At either extreme, it is very much a personality, whose "soul" seems hideously identified with the player and owner.

Yet this beautiful and popular instrument has a repertory of minuted music that can only be described as poverty-stricken. If this fact seems odd, the oddity is no more than superficial : for the limitations of the guitar's art-repertory are related to the fact that of all current instruments it most effectively bridges the gulfs between the genres. The establishment of a classical literature seems less imperative when an instrument is vigorously active in many varied fields. We associate the guitar with Spain, and its classical composers, such as Sor and Tarrega, are mostly Spanish. Even in Spain, however, notated music for guitar is outclassed both quantitatively and qualitatively by a folk guitar music—flamenco—which is improvised, if within rigidly defined conventions. And it may not be an accident that the finest nineteenth-century composer of music for acoustic guitar—Villa Lobos—should belong to a relatively recent culture, untroubled by our traditional distinctions between the high-artistic and the demotic.

The convention of the *chorus*, which gives immediacy to most of Villa Lobos's best work, is Brazilian street music, a Latin American jam session : creating his Etudes and Preludes for guitar Villa Lobos melts childhood memories of the sounds of jungle and savannah with the raucous racket of Rio's polyglot pop music, and with the Parisian art-music he imbibed in his student days. His guitar music is personally exploratory, and at the same time demotically accessible. Similarly, in our white industrial cities the guitar is simultaneously an instrument of high culture and of low life : and its lower manifestations are usually more rigorous, and often of greater imaginative potency, than its more civilized utterances.

From concert hall to cabaret, to club, pub and honky tonk, the guitar embraces every aspect of our lives. Though it may not offer all that music can offer, it evokes a sound-world which overrides class and classification. At least potentially it suggests that a whole night one day be recovered from the distracted strands of our fragmented culture. In this sense the guitar's popularity may be a world-wide wish-fulfilment, as John Williams, one of the most brilliant of contemporary classical guitarists, admitted when he entered the areas of pop music. Even Julian Bream, who solved the classical guitarist's repertory problem by extending his activities to the richly undoned lute, has discovered analogies between first Elizabethan consort music and second Elizabethan pop.

Whether or not one takes seriously this guitar's putative aspiration to wish-fulfilment, a book such as Tom and Mary Anne Evans's is topical and welcome : the more so because it covers the whole range of the instrument's history and activity, dealing with the classical acoustic guitar from the sixteenth century to today ; with the origins and development of flamenco guitar ; with the guitar in Latin America ; with the steel-stringed acoustic guitar romping in the North American continent ; and with the electric guitar in the global village at large. Each of these parts is divided into two comprehend the relation between the mechanics of its structure and the expressive needs which these mechanics serve. The gallery of photographs of similar yet multifarious instruments over seven European centuries is curiously moving. Every picture sings a story ; one feels, as well as hears, the heartbeats of the strumming strings. This individualized quality survives even in the steel-stringed American instruments and in today's electrophonic monsters. Woody Guthrie's guitar was inscribed with the formidable legend "This Machine Kills Fascists" ; the guitars of the Reverend Gary Davis, of B. B. King or Jimi Hendrix were identified by their makers, as well as owners, with a woman, the soul, the self.

These descriptive sections are followed by sections concerned with the music created for the instrument just defined. These sections are less satisfying and, given the immense amount of material, could hardly hope to be much more than a catalogue. Since they do, however, pretend to offer some historical and critical commentary, one wishes they had been both less and more ambitious : less ambitious in the sense that it seems, for instance, unnecessary to include a potted, and musicological detail, the extravagant and at times oversutured impressionism by which he builds up verbal analogues to the texture and movement of an improvisation, with not appeal to those who favour a more austere and aseltytic style of jazz criticism. Reading him is to be aware of two quite different literary personalities, a writer of Hanbboyant colour pieces : and an altogether more circumspect recorder of facts and dates. Fortunately, this tension invariably produces critical writing of high quality : and only rarely does the penchant for a splash of purple distort the substance of what is being said.

Improvising presents several of its subjects—ranging from major figures such as Charlie Christian, Henry Allon and Pee Wee Russell to solid journeymen like Jess Stacy, Rad Norro and Stephane Grappelli—against the background of their typical working (or non-working) day. Mary Anne Williams is taped on the freeway en route to a dress fitting : a characteristically accessible Buddy Rich is buttonholed in a hotel foyer : Jim Hall and Rad Norro are interviewed in their homes. (In these latter places one is made aware of the great expanses of time that freelance musicians inevitably have to spend at home and of the value of strong family ties, in a social environment which is, both resting and alienating.)

The essays on Pee Wee Russell, Sidney Catlett and the Modern Jazz Quartet are outstanding. Balliett visited Russell when the great and wayward clarinettist seemed finally to have defeated alcoholism and escaped the musical wasteland of the exhausting Dixieland-influenced pick-up groups in Chicago in the post-war period. The poignancy of the portrait deepens as one realizes that Russell—"the most egocentric son of a bitch I know" his wife Mary tells Balliett—was in fact recording his own obituary.

Because so little is known about the diversity of musical experience—do the likewise and free vocal of country musicians like Doc Watson, Lester Flatts, the Carter Family, Jimmy Rodgers, or the electrical virtuosities of Jimi Hendrix, Eric Clapton or John McLaughlin, the realities of the music creatively the instrument ? Guitars to make these noises, and one-fingered chords, after, such prosaic factual descriptions of the means of production, what is produced should be dismissed accordingly. Only the section on flamenco gives this slight sense of let-down, perhaps because this music is lodged in an discreditable sense—a sense of technical gimmicks.

Perhaps, however, the authors modestly considered themselves unqualified to make detailed critical comment : some of their brief judgments—such as a description of the playing of Lightnin' Hopkins that most subtly volatile Texas bluesman, as "rough and unpolished"—hardly inspire confidence. In any case, one should be grateful for what is offered, a carping over what might have been offered. This book will be welcomed by many and fascinating to some. It is handsomely produced and is markably cheap, considering the multiplicity of illustrations. It serves to reach the wide range of playing and guitar-loving public which it is sensibly directed.

Step by step

By Richard Austin

MARY CLARKE and DAVID VAUGHAN (Editors) :
The Encyclopedia of Dance and Ballet
376pp. Pitman. £13.50.

In recent years a number of dictionaries and reference works of ballet have been published, so that the art is now more fully documented than ever before. Previously one had to rely on the books by that great dance historian, Cyril Beaumont, which are marvels of erudition, research and dedication. Unlike the present volume, which is the work of several authors, his books had the advantage of a single point of view and a consistent vision.

It is obviously difficult to establish a balance between a work of reference and a guide to appreciation, and it is inevitable that any book as comprehensive in nature as this encyclopedia will not be perfect as either. On general matters Mary Clarke and David Vaughan's *Encyclopedia* is excellent : music in ballet, on film, on the seven-garth dance, and, particularly, on the Martha Graham technique ; indeed it is mainly the extended articles that are the most successful and will be of lasting value.

There is a fascinating contribution on the art of conducting for ballet, a subject that has been so little considered with the result that many false ideas are current regarding the musicality of dancers.

The articles on design and on modern dancing on ice, brought to emerging near an art form by John Curry, are original, excellently written and informative.

The same way a section on ballet photography deals with something we take so much for granted and about which we know so little ; it is exactly this sort of article, written with authority and erudition, that makes a book of this nature valuable.

One would have preferred a more extended critical appraisal of the lives of artists of one own time, space for which could have been found by greater economy in the pages given to some lesser dancers of the past. Similarly, ballets belonging either to companies that have disbanded, or which are never likely to be revived, used, I think, less comprehensive treatment than many of them here receive. One likes to think that the newcomer to ballet might turn to this book to read about ballets he is to see in the near future, and one would have preferred a far more extensive treatment of these with, of course, the proviso that major works from the past are given their due.

The *Encyclopedia* is beautifully produced and amply illustrated with colour and black-and-white photographs. As such, it is a far more elegant book than any other available reference work on the dance, and it will be a valuable supplement to the various more general introductions to ballet now in print.

Sticking to the score

By Patrick Carnegy

RICHARD WAGNER :
The Ring of the Nibelung
German text with English translation by Andrew Porter.
329pp. Faber Music. Paperback. £4.80.

Andrew Porter's translation of the *Ring* came into being with the production bulb up by Sadler's Wells Opera (now the English National Opera) between 1970 and 1973. It is therefore the product not only of a lively and knowledgeable critic with a keen ear for language, but also of the theatre itself. Mr Porter acknowledges the help he received from the Sadler's Wells singers ("refining my phrases and bringing them to life in rehearsal and production room, not least the conductor, Reginald Goodall, whom Mr Porter reveres "as the greatest of living Wagnerian interpreters", and to whom he dedicates his translation.

The great virtue of his version, which reads nearly as well as it sounds sung, is that it has been shaped by the rhythms, inflections, weights, lengths, and sounds of Wagner's score. Mr Porter justifies his inversions, changes of tense, and occasional "paraphrases" on the reasonable grounds that fidelity to the score is what really matters. Most of the important words in which melodic phrasing and harmonic modulation are precisely geared reveal their positions, the rest of the translated sense falling at the very least decently in place around them. Of course this doesn't always work out, but certainly he solutions where skill and sensibility are so in evidence. The translation of a text like that of the *Ring* is endlessly debatable.

In his introduction Mr Porter gives an entertaining survey, going back to the eminently Victorian Alfred Forman (of "unmuffle the Grail" fame in *Parsifal*), and including the all-too-literary as well as the all-too-unsingable versions on offer. Not for Mr Porter such shockingly misplaced emphases as in instances from the past—Steglinde's "And his packpsse/Sign in mighty force", or Brünnhilde's "The world's most glorious hoard/Ice-bears, o woo, Moe thy chest, teeny womb !" The author's study of previous versions has not only warned him of the pitfalls but, as his acknowledgements, has contributed many a phrase to his own effort, which is certainly the best English singing version available. The line of Wagner in English runs on to its future people, and thoroughly musical translation.

This leads one reluctantly to the disappointing conclusion that Whitney Ballieet is himself rather remote from social and ideological issues of this kind. No doubt, he could be made of the jazz that while musicians are, in fact, centre of our many as seven of the thirteen essays in his collection end that among this batch, only Pee Wee Russell can stand comparison with the greatest of the block innovators — Armstrong, Ellington, Parker, Monk. What is altogether more disturbing is that representatives of the post-bop and now-wave genres of the music are wholly omitted. By choosing to ignore the lives and work of Charles Mingus, Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane, Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman, Mr Ballieet denies himself and his readers of too much that is valid and intensely pleasurable in the world of contemporary jazz.

The jazzman's day

By Bill Luckin

WHITNEY BALLIETT :
Improvising
Sixteen Jazz Musicians and Their Art
264pp. Oxford University Press. £7.25.

Whitney Ballieet is among the most stylish and perceptive of living jazz writers. For more than two decades now he has been keeping watch over the American scene for the *New Yorker*, occasionally—not nearly frequently enough—his devotees would say—gathering together his more durable work for publication between hard covers. In some ways Mr Ballieet's preoccupations and preferences are old-fashioned. The fascination with the personalities and eccentricities of the men and women behind the music, the avoidance of technical

Autograph copies

By P. J. Croft

ANTHONY G. PETTI :
English Literary Hands from Chaucer to Dryden
133pp. Edward Arnold. £14.50.

The two innovations which were fundamentally to influence the development of handwriting during the 300 years from Chaucer to Dryden—humanistic script and the art of printing—both reached England in the second half of the fifteenth century. Printing had the more rapid impact for, by the early sixteenth century, it had already to a large extent superseded the substantial body of professional book scribes who had been engaged to the multiplication of literary texts. Until the end of the fifteenth century it remains broadly true that the scene is dominated by the disciplined and relatively impersonal hands of these scribes, while thereafter it is the free cursive which predominate, whose essential fascination resides in their spontaneous revelation of the individual. This increased accent on the personal marks off the modern period, here as in other fields of activity, from the relative anonymity of the Middle Ages.

Although this change of emphasis is reflected in the manuscripts reproduced in the volume under review (thirteen of its sixty-seven examples date from before 1500), Anthony G. Petti does not fully recognize its significance. His introduction and commentary represent an attempt to extend the categorizing approach of the medieval paleographer into the modern period. The determination to impose a "scientific" classification on his material may stem from a belief that only thus can academic respectability be conferred on a usually undervalued field of study, but that determination involves an emphasis on the species rather than the individual which is at odds with the nature of the material itself.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were only three basic categories of script in normal everyday use—Secretary, Italic and "Mixed"—but each of these displays in individual practice all the variety of which human beings are capable. While it is important to recognize the script underlying any given piece of writing—the model which the writer had in his mind's eye—it is equally important to avoid the error of supposing that in naming the script one has identified the hand.

Professor Petti, however, is not content merely to place his examples within the above-named basic categories and then to comment individually on each : he distinguishes within each category what he calls "three distinct grades" of *set, facile* and *rapid*, adds intermediate grades *set/facile* and *facile/rapid*, and bodes "variants" of his examples accordingly ; for example Thomas Nashe's hand (No 33) is labelled "*Facile/rapid Elizabethan secretary*, which proper names in *italic/italic*". It must be said that the appearance of technical practicism created by this terminology can be seriously misleading.

The point may be illustrated by reference to No 31, three stanzas from Sir John Harington's metrical paraphrase of the Psalms, written in a hand described as "holograph" and labelled *Set Elizabethan secretary*. The label is equally appropriate to all the writing on this page but it has prevented Professor Petti from perceiving the really interesting thing, which is that the hand itself changes in the middle of the fourth line of the first stanza. The hand is Harington's only down to the word *schoola* : thereafter an amanuensis takes up the pen, an amanuensis whose hand is formed on exactly the same model as Harington's but who lacked his master's particular rhythmic and aesthetic sensibility.

Despite Professor Petti's remark that Harington's hand seems always to be of the highest quality and carefully formed, Harington sometimes wrote the Secretary script much more quickly and casually than here (e.g. at some of his slashed-off directions to the printer in the British Library *Orlando Furioso* manuscript). On such occasions it would have to be labelled "rapid", yet its identity remains unmistakable.

The Skelton examples (Nos 14-16) are taken from two different manuscripts both written in the same script, designated *Secretaria formata hybrida (lettre bourguinoise)*, and it is suggested that both manuscripts may be holograph. The bold hand of No 16 (Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, MS 432 fol iv) is clearly the same as that employed for Skelton's congratulatory poem on the accession of Henry VIII which has survived among the Exchequer papers, and both those documents can be accepted as holograph beyond reasonable doubt.

The suggestion that British Library Add MS 26787 (Nos 14, 15) might likewise be holograph requires us to believe what is barely credible, namely that the same hand should have employed the same script for the same purpose (presentation to Henry VIII) and yet produced a result revealing a different a sense of rhythm and proportion. A trained scribe working from a holograph draft and/or under Skelton's direction seems the most likely answer. Yet Professor Petti's headnote describes Add MS 26787 as "holograph" without a query.

Noe 34-35 usefully reproduce the one authentic example of Marlowe's hand (his signature on a Canterbury will) alongside the "Folger leaf" of a scene from the *Massacre at Paris*, an enigmatic document the only certain thing about which is that it cannot be in Marlowe's hand. The hand is here described as "unknown" and labelled *Facile Elizabethan secretary*. It is true that the hand could not be called either set or *rapid*, but neither is it *facile* in any real sense of that word.

Professor Petti allows the possibility that the leaf may be a forgery (which would make it a very skilful one) but concludes that it is "a very certain piece of penmanship, but content and general appearance are both strongly in favour of its being—though not in Marlowe's hand—an authentic document of the period. The leaf looks like the work of a rather unskilled Elizabethan scribe for whom the manual act of writing had not become fully automatic but was still being practised with a degree of conscious effort. This is one of several manuscripts shown which, for varying reasons, do not really fit into any of Professor Petti's ready-made categories.

During the sixteenth century it was common for an educated man to be expert in more than one script, whence it follows in cases of comparison—as in the Harington and Skelton examples cited above—that it is only where the script is the same that one can say whether the hand is different. Such cases bring home the central truth which all concerned with the identification of handwriting, as with any other manifestation of the human personality, ought to bear constantly in mind, namely that "All cases are unique, and very similar to others" (*Tristram Shandy*, vol 2). The significance of this golden maxim can be fully appreciated only by those who have studied the material closely at first hand.

Professor Petti has read widely in his subject—witness the useful bibliography which he appends—but one never quite escapes the feeling that what he knows is last the subject itself at first hand than what others have written about it—that the academic treatment of the material matters more to him than the material itself. In his commentary on Shakespeare and Hand D (Nos 36-37) he remarks "Greg's summation [in "Shakespeare's Hand Once More"] still seems appropriate". In citing Greg's conclusions Professor Petti unfortunately felt obliged to rephrase them, and anyone wishing to assess the difference between second-hand scholarship and the real thing should compare Greg's original with the version here offered. Greg's first proposition states "The palaeographical case for the hands of S [the six known signatures considered on a single document] and D being the same is stronger than any that can be made out for their being different", which Professor Petti renders as "the case is stronger for similarity between the signatures and the revision than for dissimilarity".

Professor Petti cannot intend to misrepresent the man whom he purports to be citing : he must therefore believe that there is no real difference between saying that two things are probably "the same" and saying that they are probably "similar". To believe that is to blur a distinction which is fundamental to accurate knowledge. There are countless Elizabethan hands which could be described as "similar" to Hand D, and in this context a paleographer knows that to describe two things as similar is also to imply that they are different. Greg was saying something much more precise, and much more important, than Professor Petti realizes.

Despite some infelicities of editorial method (notably printing *yt* (=*the*) as *ye*, a form never current except as a pseudo-archaism in recent times), the transcripts are sufficiently accurate to make it worthwhile to record such errors as have been noticed. Odd things are apt to happen in the transcripts from Latin : in No 18 (Thomas More) for *durcetis* read *ducetis* and for *armoti* read *animati*, while Roger Ascham would have raised his eyebrows sharply at the way the abbreviated address at the end of his dedicatory epistle (No 23) has been expanded :

Latinists will easily correct the errors here for themselves, but a graphic feature worth pointing out is the looped final *e* of the word transcribed *Buamgellste*, since this is Ascham's stylish version of the "tagged" *e* (of medieval ancestry) which he sometimes employed as an alternative to his *ae* digraph. The following errors in the vernacular have been noticed : No 24, the abbreviated word in the subscription expanded as *Worships* is really *Masterships* ; Bunyan (No 65) did not write "to theese aforesaid" but "to the usa aforesaid" ; the subscription to Herrick's elegy (No 53) reads, not *Trinicall Holl*, *Exequias*, but *Trinitoli halle/Exequies* (*holes* is a possessive : despite what seems to be suggested on page 27, apostrophes for the possessive did not become common until towards the end of the seventeenth century ; the only case I have noticed bare occurs in the last example of all, dated 1699).

In one respect Professor Petti's achievement can be unreservedly commended ; he has assembled a fascinating selection of material, some of it relatively unfamiliar, and the plates are generally of high quality (there are, though, a few more deviations from original size than are recorded). Those who focus their eyes and minds on the original texts here reproduced will find much interest and enlightenment.

For rich Arthur-lovers

Gyron le Courtoys c 1501
Introductory notes by C. E. Pickford
Unnumbered pp. Scolar Press. £35.

This folio is another facsimile in Scolar Press's series of late-medieval texts. It is well produced, with the reservation that offset film inevitably makes early printing look rather lifeless compared with the original. The pages are printed in two columns with generous margins in a large and legible *Bâtarde* type. There are woodcut illustrations and decorative type initials, many with grotesque faces.

The book is presumably intended as a substitute for a critical edition, rather than as a collector's item. C. E. Pickford's brief history of the Arthurian prose romance is authoritative on the medieval manuscript tradition, but the material on the printed editions is much less satisfactory. The dating of the edition reproduced (the first of three early sixteenth-century editions) is of some interest for the chronology of the Arthurian vogue. Professor Pickford cites "c 1501" from the nineteenth-century bibliographer Brunet. The date "in or after July 1503" is supplied by more recent work such as Macfarlane's bibliography of Antoine Vérard (1900), Renouard's *Répertoire* of sixteenth-century Parisian printers (1965), and Brigitte Moreau's *Inventaire chronologique des éditions parisiennes* (1972).

Professor Pickford shows no awareness of the "editorial" problem in facsimile reproductions. Why was the National Library of Wales copy selected for reproduction ? The introduction provides the missing text for a hole in f m7 ; why was this leaf not reproduced from another copy (there are three in England) ? The introduction mentions leaves with variant settings, but they are not reproduced nor are we told whether the variants are textually significant.

Finally, the statement "Vérard aimed not only at a popular market, but also produced a de luxe edition" is bibliographically a schoolboy howler : Vérard produced no second edition but merely printed a presentation copy on vellum from the type of the one edition. It is also unlikely that he was aiming at a popular market

David Shaw

Assembly points

By Anthony Hobson

COLIN STEELE :
Major Libraries of the World
A Selective Guide
479pp. Bowker. £10.50.

Colin Steele describes his book as occupying "a sort of halfway house" between works of reference such as the *Internationales Bibliotheks-Handbuch* and my own *Great Libraries*. He has succeeded in covering the impressive total of 300 libraries in no less than seventy-one countries (twenty-three in the United Kingdom, twenty-two in the two Germanies, sixteen each in France, Italy and the Soviet Union, thirty-nine in the United States). A visit to each was clearly impractical and he assembled his information by circulating a questionnaire divided into history, special collections and treasures, hours, admission, restaurant/snack facilities, catalogues, guidebooks, etc. The replies furnish a wealth of comparative material.

The histories are of losses by war, fire and earthquake—nowhere more tragic than in Poland and Germany during the Second World War ; of takeovers and amalgamations, buildings outgrown, massive accessions in the post thirty years. The Bodmer Library outside Geneva seems to be the most recent foundation (1971), Durham Cathedral Library (998 ?) perhaps the oldest (the Capitular Library of Verona is not included).

Special Collections seem to be as various as human knowledge itself. The John Crerar Library, Chicago, even has a Telephone Directory Collection. A problem here is that many collections are known only by the name of the men who formed them. It is not much good to learn that Algiers has the Gsell Collection, Liebou the Flaibo de Almeida Collection or Karachi the Heloma Siddiqui Memorial Collection if we do not know what they are collections of.

When is a "treasure" not a treasure ? *Many* libraries have declared their Gutenberg Bibles or Nuremberg Chronicles, but after that their views diverge. F. Engels's *Der Ursprung der Familie des Privateigenthums*, 1884, is a treasure in East Berlin ; A. Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, Munich 1925-27, qualifies in Bloomington, Indiana. This section would have been improved by a few editorial notes and cross-references. It would have been helpful to be told, for example, apropos of Ghent's manuscripts illuminated for Raphael de Marcatellis, that several decorated for the same owner are at Holkham, or that while Peking has 8,500 manuscripts from Tuo Hsang, others from the same source are in London, Paris and Japan.

Admission to nearly all libraries is still free, it is reassuring to note, though some make a small charge. To Florence an Orwellian situation obtains ; admission to the Laurenziane "is free to anyone over 18, particularly students", to whom presumably it is freer. Most libraries require readers to be of a certain minimum age, sixteen to eighteen or twenty-one, though Birmingham goes to the other extreme by providing push-chairs for young children. Readers must be "responsible adults" in Hamilton, Ontario, "engaged in serious research" in Sofia or "give proof of academic work" in the Vienna Stadtbibliothek. Foreigners are discriminated against in Munich where they have to pay a hefty deposit of DM60, but pampered in Santiago de Chile, where they are advised to "contact the Director or his Assistant to ensure faster service, etc."

Ottawa offers the *na plus ultra* in opening hours—twenty-four hours, seven days a week—while the Vatican closes for two months in the summer and the University Library, Peking, may close unexpectedly, "e.g. for meetings". But the information under this heading is incomplete. The reader is not warned, for example, that the Department of Manuscripts in Vienna is only open on certain days of the week.

All libraries offer lavatories (opened only on request in Valletta) and most add lifts and telephones. Further services vary from the up-to-date and gadgetty (coin-operated typewriters, dictating machines and microfilm readers) to the monastic ("carrels with lockable cupboards") and the frankly sybaritic ("lounge area equipped for listening to music through headphones"). The Science Reference Library, London, and the Mouton's Azad Library, Aligarh, will compile select bibliographies, and the Jugendbibliothek, Munich, will provide analyses and reports of books, but we do not yet seem to have a library that will actually write your thesis for you. Only two institutions have followed the advice of a sixteenth-century Bishop of Tortosa to provide lodgings for visiting scholars. In Kiel "the International House 'Welt Club' serves as a dormitory and home to students and research workers", and Calcutta offers a readers' hostel. None of the libraries which answered the questionnaire has admitted to subsidizing readers, as was a common practice in medieval Islam.

External or internal views of the librarian described or of notable manuscripts, printed books or newspapers decorate the wide outer margins. Although hardly larger than postage stamps and occasionally indistinct, some of these illustrations are striking : the Chinese-looking tower in Ghent, Helsinki's noble classical façade and the amazing carved and painted concrete box, like a melichrome toning on its side, that houses the University of Mexico. Misprints have been kept to a fairly acceptable minimum. Material from exotic sources has been well handled, but for several European languages Mr Steele seems to have relied on an anonymous translator whose knowledge of bibliographical terms—and indeed of English—is shaky.

The translator uses the word "portrait" inappropriately to mean printed editions ("rich in autographs and early prints of Haydn"), imprints ("early Heidelberg prints") and printing ("the Carl Deichman Collection of manuscripts and early prints"). He is imprecise about "codices", "manuscript" and "autograph" ("the Ashburnham Collection of codices and MSS", "autographed MSS of the Deacon Florus"). He slips into Americanisms ("changing exhibits" for temporary exhibitions) or score into gaudiloquence ("the essential nucleus of its collection" for its first books, "the first typographic work executed in Franche-Comté" for the first book-printed there).

Mr Steele deserves to be congratulated on including so many libraries that are remote and unfamiliar, but a serious lacuna in his book is its lack of bibliographies. Students often need to consult the printed catalogues before visiting a library, or to read the history of its component collections, which sets the books or manuscripts that concern them in their context. It would not have been difficult to condense other material and save space for the titles of these works.

The merits of this useful and agreeable book, however, far outweigh its shortcomings. It is full of strange and fascinating information. Of all the institutions Colin Steele has caught in his net the most exotic seems to me the State Public Library in Ulan Bator. How sad that most of us will never go there, never look at *Chrystal Beads of the Great Yuan Dynasty or Gass*, a textbook on the Nine Treasures, written in gold, silver, coral, pearl, lapis lazuli, mother of pearl, turquoise, steel and copper !

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JOHN M. WILSON,
Town Clerk and Chief Executive.

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Ref. 8/58

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Application forms and further details from Assistant Chief Executive (Manpower), Town Hall, Bromley, Kent. Telephone 01-464 3333, Ext. 318.

Closing date 9th March, 1978.

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(Librarian Grade I)

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29 Hatfield Road,
St. Albans

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Further particulars and application forms are available from: The London Secretary, British Institute in Paris, University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1. Closing date for applications: March 31, 1978. Interviews will be held in London.

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in the University Library

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Further details and application forms from the Associate Librarian, University of London Library, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU, to whom applications, including names of two referees, should be sent by 13 March, 1978.

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A PUBLISHER

A unique opportunity occurs for an enthusiastic entrepreneur to take over the publishing division of Unwin Brothers.

We have a steadily expanding publishing enterprise with over 20 titles published during the last three years. The emphasis of the current publishing policy is in the world of music. Experience of the publishing industry would be an advantage, however the only pre-requisite is a determination to continue the profitable record and build on the sound financial base.

Replies stating salary requirements to:—

G. R. R. Unwin, Personnel Manager,
Unwin Brothers Limited, The Gresham Press,
Old Woking, Surrey GU22 9LH.

PLEASE NOTE

The deadline for Classified Advertisement Copy in the T.L.S. is 10.30 a.m. every Monday

Education Department Libraries Division

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

AP4 £3,366-£3,702 plus £285 London Weighting plus Salary Supplements of £312 per annum and up to £4 per week.

Chartered Librarian for the busy Wallington Branch Library (annual issues 418,000).

Application forms and further details obtainable from Borough Librarian, Central Library, St Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey. Telephone 01-643 4461.

Closing date March 8, 1978.

London Borough of Waltham Forest Libraries & The Arts Department

Senior Assistant

Leyton Reference Library

Grade: A.P.3. Salary: £3,694-£4,072. p.a. inclusive.

We are looking for a Chartered Librarian, who will be mainly concerned with the cataloguing and classification of books purchased for Waltham Forest's Reference Library Service. There will also be opportunity for local history and general reference enquiry work.

Application forms and further details from Personnel Officer, Town Hall, Forest Road, London E17 4JF. (Tel. 01-531 6899. 24-hour answering service).

Closing date 10th March, 1978.

Please quote Ref. J607.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

STRANMILLIS COLLEGE, BELFAST

Principal : James Pomfret, M.A., B.Sc., M.Ed.

Stranmillis College is wholly concerned with the preparation of men and women for teaching in nursery, primary and secondary schools, mainly through B.Ed. Degree courses of three and four years. There is a three-year Certificate course in three shortage subjects only, and a post-graduate course. The College is non-denominational; there is no religious test. In September next there will be about 920 students.

The College is pleasantly situated in an attractive wooded estate of some 45 acres, in a quiet residential neighbourhood on the southern outskirts of the City of Belfast. New building projects to the value of £2½ million have been completed in recent years.

LECTURER OR SENIOR LECTURER IN HANDICRAFT

Applications are invited from men for the appointment from 1st September, 1978, with good qualifications and teaching experience, possibly in Applied Science, Technology and Craft Design. Other qualifications will be considered. There are courses for the Certificate in Education and for the B.Ed. General Degree with Handicraft as a main subject.

Salary Scale :

£3,279 to £6,417 plus £452 under first two stages of the Pay Code, with a further review expected from April 1st. Placing initially according to experience.

Assistance with removal expenses from outside Northern Ireland.

Further information about the College and appointment, and a form of application may be obtained from :—

The Secretary
Stranmillis College, Belfast BT9 5DY

Applications should be received not later than Friday, 17th March, 1978.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

Research Assistants

Science Reference Library

to work in the following areas:

Includes cataloguing scientific books and periodicals in English and other Western European languages. Work will initially involve preparing computer records for serials stock using AACR. Degree or library qualification, experience of using AACR, and good working knowledge of one or more foreign modern Western European languages essential.

Bibliographic Services Division (4 posts)

... involving the preparation of data for the UK MARC File and the British National Bibliography based upon material deposited at the Copyright Receipt Office. Candidates must be qualified librarians with knowledge of AACR, subject indexing systems and general classification.

SALARY (Inner London): As RA Grade I, £4,230 to £5,440, or RA Grade II, £3,070 to £4,810. Level of appointment and starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by March 17, 1978) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 88551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote reference G(9) 382.

ilea INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

School Librarians

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the following posts (Graded Lib. III):

Salary scale £3,876.70 to £4,745.80, inclusive of London Weighting and Phase I plus II supplements.

- St. Augustines School, Oxford Road, NW6 5SN
- St. Thomas the Apostle R.C. School, St Mary's Road, Hollydale Road, Peckham SE15 2EB

Applications forms and further details from the Education Officer, ED/ESTAB 2A/1/LIB, Room 367, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB.

Please enclose a large stamped addressed envelope for reply. Completed forms to be returned not later than Friday, March 10, 1978.

FALKIRK DISTRICT COUNCIL

DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS

Principal Assistant Librarian

Bibliographic & Reference Services

£5,065-£5,518 inclusive of supplements

Applications are invited from chartered librarians for this important 3rd tier post with a progressive library authority. Responsibilities cover bibliographic, reference and information services throughout the District and duties will include the planning and implementation of an automated library system. The post is based at Falkirk.

The District is a growth area and its unique situation offers immediate access to a wide range of leisure and recreational facilities.

A 35-hour week is worked and a casual user's car allowance is payable. Consideration will be given to the provision of housing facilities and removal expenses.

Further details and application forms are available from Mr. B. McCallum, Personnel Officer, Falkirk District Council, Municipal Buildings, Falkirk, to whom application forms must be returned by 10th March, 1978.

James P. H. Paton, Chief Executive Officer.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, Kew

ASSISTANT KEEPERS

... to undertake a wide range of duties concerned with the preservation and use of the public records (accumulated over 900 centuries) as a research source. The work includes arranging and classifying the records, preparing guides and handbooks, superintending the public search rooms, studying problems of preservation and use of records and computer technology, and advising on the selection of records for preservation.

Candidates should normally have a relevant degree with 1st or 2nd class honours, or a post-graduate degree, and a good reading knowledge of at least 2 modern or classical foreign languages; but others with special knowledge or experience may also be considered.

Salary: as AK First Class, £5,200-£7,805 or AK Second Class, £3,130-£4,685. Level of appointment and starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Promotion prospects. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by March 17, 1978) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 88551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote reference G(8) 382.

FELLOWSHIPS

WILLIAM MORRIS Centre

Visiting Research Fellowship

The Visiting Research Fellowship at the William Morris Centre is awarded annually to a citizen or permanent resident of a country other than the United Kingdom. Applications are invited for the fellowship for 1978-79 to commence preferably next September.

Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Administrator, The William Morris Centre, Kelmscott House, 26 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London W6 9TA, England.

The closing date for applications is June 1, 1978.

LITERARY

THE JAMES TAIT BLACK MEMORIAL BOOK PRIZES

The James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize, which is awarded annually for the best novel or work of that nature published during the previous year, has been awarded for the year 1977 to John Le Carré for his book *The Honourable Schoolboy*, on the recommendation of Professor A. O. J. Cockshut, Regius Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

The same Prize for the best biography or work of that nature published in 1977 has been awarded to the Professor to George Painter for his book *Chateaubriand: Vol. 1, The Longed-for Tempest*.

LIBRARIANS

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

MAIN LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Medical Sciences Library (Senior Lecturer Sport, Physical Education and Recreation in the University Library). This Library is governed jointly by the University and the Sports Council. Applicants should preferably have a good honours degree, professional library qualification, one year's relevant experience in sport and recreation.

Salary: Library Grade IIA scale (currently £3,333 to £3,665 p.a.) plus L.H.A.

Further details may be obtained from the Assistant Librarian (Staff), University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, to whom applications (one copy) should be sent, giving the names and addresses of two referees, not later than 3rd March.

CHESHIRE

LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS

LIBRARIAN

AP.3 £3,127 to £3,662 plus supplement of between £342.52 and £393.70, per annum.

Required at Knutsford Library. Applicants should be chartered librarians and have passed the relevant qualifying examinations for admission to the Register.

Application forms and further details are obtainable from the Director, Cheshire Libraries and Museums, County Hall, Hoole, Chester CH2 3NH.

Closing date: March 11th.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF TRAFFORD

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

SOUTH TRAFFORD COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Manchester Road, Sale, Cheshire M33 3HD

QUALIFIED TUTOR LIBRARIAN

An experienced qualified LIBRARIAN is required to fill the above post in a busy college resource centre. An above average interest in audio-visual techniques is considered essential. The post is graded 41 Lecturer 1 level.

Further particulars (and be obtained from the Director of South Trafford College of Higher Education upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Completed application forms should be returned by Tuesday, March 14, 1978.

ELLERSLIE SCHOOL

Malvern, Worcestershire
(Independent Boarding School for 400 Girls)

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN (BEGINNER) AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY

Ellersley School seeks a young person with some training, commencing April. Previous experience not essential. Salary negotiable. Qualifications not essential.

Applicants should be capable of two referees to the headmistress as soon as possible.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

Applications are invited from qualified and recently qualified librarians with a minimum of Library Association Part II examination. Duties are varied in nature and include work in general assistant.

Salary scale: £3,100 x £96-10 £4,000.

SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES

University of London WC1

LIBRARIAN OF THE SCHOOL

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian of the School which will become vacant at the end of July, 1978, on the appointment of the present holder of the post to be Director of the India Office Library and Records. The School is a constituent college of the federal University of London with about 200 full-time academic staff and 900 full-time students. The library contains some 500,000 items and has a staff of about 30. Annual expenditure, including staff salaries, amounts to over £420,000. Applicants should hold a good honours degree from a British university, or an equivalent qualification, together with qualifications in librarianship and considerable high level library experience. Orientalist or Africanist qualifications are not essential. Initial salary in accordance with age, qualifications and experience on the national Grade IV level; compulsory membership of the Universities Superannuation Scheme. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from The Secretary, School of Oriental and African Studies, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HP, to whom applications should be submitted not later than 31 March.

DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL

DORSET INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Bournemouth (POST REF. 43)

Dorset Institute was founded in 1976 and is recently established. Learning Resources Centre provides an integrated library service to students at all college sites.

At Bournemouth the L.R.C. combines traditional library services with facilities to meet the demands of audio visual materials and independent learning systems. The L.R.C. houses some 70,000 books, 600 current periodicals and 300 study places including A-V carrels, tutorial room, etc. The student population served consists of courses mainly in arts, humanities, business studies, catering and tourism—all at degree or H.N.D. level.

We are seeking an experienced Chartered Librarian who will be responsible to the Institute Librarian for:

The work of establishing routines for classification and cataloguing of all printed and A/V materials.

Assisting with reader services and lending.

Salary on grade AP3 £3,863 increasing to £4,214 (inclusive of supplements).

Application forms returnable by March 31 and further details from Administrative Officer, Dorset Institute of Higher Education, College House, Wallisdown, Poole BH12 5HH. (Please return this advertisement.)

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

CATALOGUERS required with experience of A.A.C.R.2 and if possible of M.A.R.C. input preferably, ability to use computer terminal. Two-year appointments.

Appointments will be made on various grades according to qualifications and experience.

Applications to Librarian, Cambridge University Library, West Road, Cambridge.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM

EAST HAM COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

High Street South, London E6 4ER

Principal: K. H. Higson, B.Sc.(Econ.), F.H.S.A.

SUB-LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of SUB-LIBRARIAN to the College. Candidates should preferably be qualified Librarians.

Salary (depending on age and qualifications) within the range £4,724-£5,870 per annum plus £ per annum London Supplement.

Application forms and further details may be obtained by writing to the College Administrative Officer, enclosing a self-addressed envelope.

Completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SERVICES

Applications are invited for the following posts in our busy and developing library system:

1a) Part-time temporary Reference/Cataloguing Librarian for a maximum of 20 months based initially on the project of Librarian-ship Library at Dacre Road. Salary £3,876 per annum, pro rata for approximately 25 to 30 hours a week. Previous experience not essential and a degree desirable.

1b) Two full-time Library Assistants for our Main Library. Candidates must have the manual ability for work under pressure and will be responsible for the maintenance of library materials. Experience more useful than professional library qualifications. Hours, degree as above but full-time.

Salary (notes) £2,130 to £3,340 (Ref. 2a) and £2,130 to £3,340 (Ref. 2b) inclusive of supplements and London Weighting.

Further details and application forms available from Nancy Fleming, Library Education and Training Officer, Library and Information Service, Polytechnic of North London, 67 Holloway Road, London N7 8JB.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

EDUCATION

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

Required at the Chuter-Ede Comprehensive School, Bonnygrove Road, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts., NG17 2DW. Applicants (male or female) must be Chartered Librarians.

Salary on Grade AP3 £3,863 increasing to £4,214 per annum inclusive.

Further details write to the Assistant County Librarian (Staffs) Department of County Library, Angel Row, Nottingham.

Applications (no forms) with names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Commissioner, Mr. T. Gamble, M.A., J.P., at the address given above, not later than Friday, 10th March 1978.

SUFFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL

CENTRAL LIBRARY

CATALOGUER
(Post No. N180)

Attractive Grade £3,003 to £3,672 (Assistant or £3,705 to £4,374 for Chartered Librarian) including two supplements.

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS for the above post which will soon become vacant. Duties include cataloguing and classification of all non-fiction books for the Lowestoft Area and supervision of this book-ordering section. The successful applicant will be required to assist in County Cataloguing programmes.

Applicants must be willing to drive a car.

Application forms available from the Area Librarian, Central Library, Clapton Road, Lowestoft, to whom completed forms should be returned by 10th March, 1978.

CITY OF MANCHESTER

CULTURAL SERVICES

LIBRARIAN (CHILDREN'S SERVICES)

The person appointed will be responsible for the range of children's services in a small city-centre area and for developing which will have its headquarters in the new Central Library. Salary to come in June 1978.

Applicants should be aged 25 to 37 to £5,703 per annum plus £ per cent with a minimum of 5 per cent Phase II supplement and 12½ per cent shift work.

Further details and application forms from Assistant Director (Personnel), Central Library, St Peter's Square, Manchester M2 5PD.